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H A M E - S P U N L I L T S

SUNDERLAND
PRINTED BY WILLIAM HENRY HILLS.

HAME-SPUN LILTS

OR

POEMS AND SONGS

Chiefly Scottish

BY WILLIAM ALLAN

AUTHOR OF "ROUGH CASTINGS," ETC.



O Book—

What tho' in Home-spun garb I launch thee forth ?
Still thou mayst cheer a heart or bring a smile ;
If so, be thou a record that on earth
I lived to revel in such dulcet toil.

LONDON

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

GLASGOW : KERR & RICHARDSON

1874

280. f - 413.



These

"H A M E - S P U N L I L T S,"

Are inscribed

to

WILLIAM HUNTER, Esq.,

Moor Lodge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

I pour no saponaceous, fulsome strains,
I make no servile mercenary bow,
My irate soul such mockery disdains,
Yea, feels no lofty impulse in such show :
If Friendship's Gratitude e'er ruled supreme,
Or gave to Honest Worth its primal claim,
This simple tribute, as my heart's esteem,
Belongs, unsullied, to loved Hunter's name.

P R E F A C E.

WHEN my primal flights of fancy, under the title of "Rough Castings," were given to the public, I laboured under a feeling, which I suppose is the peculiar privilege of all those who become authors —viz., nervous doubt as to whether their efforts would stand the test of the critic. However indifferent I may have assumed myself to be to all criticism, still I was not insensible to, nor did I undervalue, the opinions of those whose literary acquirements are a guarantee of their sound judgment on such works. I was pleased to note the favourable reviews accorded to "Rough Castings," and I now freely admit, that on again mounting my fireside Pegasus, the poor beast (though willing enough at times) received some severe lacerations in her towsie hide from these rowel reviews.

These continued prickings have resulted in the



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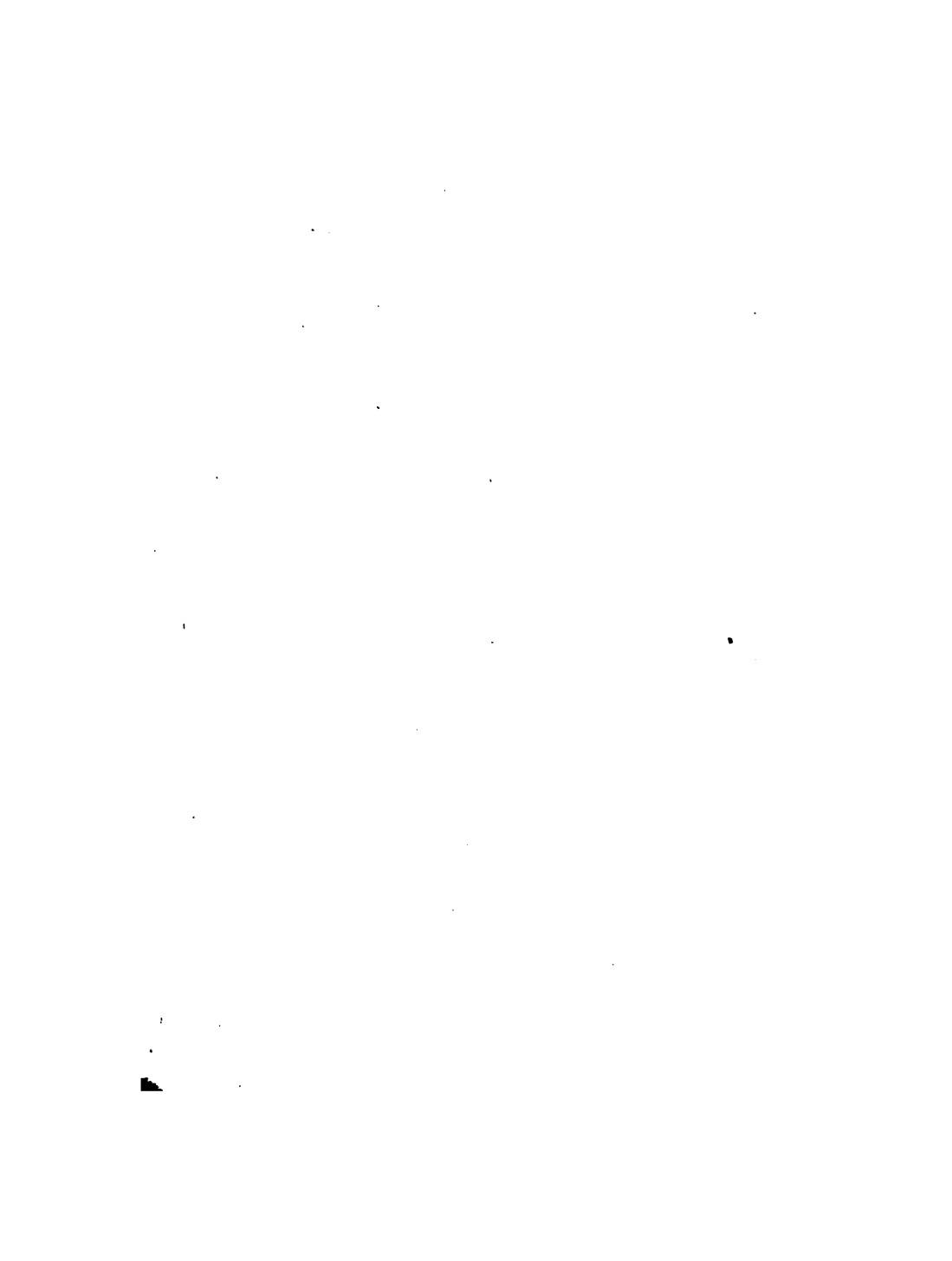
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P O E M S.



HAME-SPUN· LILTS

THE BLIND FLUTE PLAYER

IN THREE CANTOS

CANTO I

AMANG a crood o' country swains;
An' raggit, gapin', wond'rin' weans,
Wha sat on divots or on stanes,
I marked a chiel,
Rapt, list'nin' to some 'music strains,
He liked fu' weel.

THE BLIND FLUTE PLAYER

His unco movements took my e'e,
An' wond'rin' what on earth could gie
Sic public eccentricity
To ony ane,
I watched gin music's charms could be
The cause alane.

Dressed in a suit o' garments seedy,
Wi' unkempt hair, grey, rank, an' weedy,
That 'neath a croonless hat waved reedy,
Atour his shouthers,
His visage stamped him unco needy,
Or begged frae ithers ;

His coat, nae fashion could assail,
Close-buttoned hung without a tail,
Aince it could boast o' twa, the wale
O' courtly batches,
Sae higher up they noo bewail
Their fate in patches.

His breeklegs seemed o' length gey scant,
In claih that suffered sair frae want ;
Aiblins the tailor's cabbage grant
Had been fair halves,
For frae their ends, gey thin an' gaunt,
Hung time worn calves.

Ae leg a fitless stockin' bore,
That crumpled hung the heel atour ;
The ither bare, seemed to deplore
Its brither's fate,
An' gloried that it naething wore
O' worstit state.

Auld shoon upon his feet were seen,
That showed his taes some rents atween,
Yet feent a sole they had, I ween,
For sure I saw
This new style glarin' 'fore my e'en,
Mere uppers a'.

E'en tho' he wore odd threadbare claes,
As evidence o' poortith's waes,
He had a kind o' polished phase
 That fouk aye bear,
Wha hae seen better, ither days,
 An' riches' share.

Thus was he rigged, an' sae he stood,
Wi' music-witchery imbued,
That made him chief o' a' the crood
 O' list'nin' bodies,
Wha gigglin', loup'd their han'-borne brood,
 Till up flew duddies.

As soon 's they had a tune begun,
He clasped his han's, looked to the grun',
Syne slowly he wad to the sun
 Direct his gaze,
Wi' mair o' earnestness than fun
 O' daft-like craze.

Whan marchin' notes wad loodly swell,
He clenched his neives an' hotched himsel',
An' tight-drawn lips did plainly tell,
 That were a foe
Afore him noo, he wad him fell
 Wi' thund'rin' blow.

As whan dark clooods the fair sky fill,
An' smokin' hug ilk distant hill,
Whan licht'nin's, thunders, a' instil,
 The unco dread,
Sae owre his face, Daur's mighty will,
 A' fiercely spread.

Wi' fire an' energy he reamed,
An' Hector-like his dark face gleamed,
Wi' something that uncanny seemed,
 His soul a-coilin',
But noo the notes low, wailin' streamed,
 An' laid his boilin'.

Then poured they forth a mournfu' sound,
Frae oot the clar'net's wame profound,
An' ettled he to lea' the ground
 An' upward gang,
Some impulse new did him surround,
 Upliftin', strang ;—

The " Flowers o' the Forest " rose ;
In sorrow's sympathetic throes,
Auld Scotland's wail o' Border woes,
 True sadness cast ;
An' dowie tears frae heart-repose
 Fell het an' fast.

'Mang Scotia's sweet melodious ware,
That fires the blude, or strangles care,
O' love, or hame, this tune will bear,
 Th' unchallenged gree ;
As Earth's last dirge, 't will e'en peal there,
 Whan Time shall dee.

I said he seemed amairt to fly,
But na, he quiv'rin' gazed on high ;
Heavin' a melancholious sigh,
Doon fell his heid,
An' on his breast did noddin' lie,
Wi' wae indeed.

Like a' thing else, the famous tune
Cam to an en', an' whan 'twas dune,
Ae chield, wi' bannet then gaed roun'
To gather in
The bawbees that gey opportune
Pay wastit win'.

He touched his pow to big an' little,
By way o' gi'en their hearts a kittle,
Or gar their pouches show their metal
For him to keep,
The feck, bereft o' giftie fettle,
Snooled aff like sheep.

'Mang a' the list'nin' croods I've met,
The contrair I hae ne'er seen yet,
That music-hunger aye they'll whet,
 Fu' to the weason;
The bannet comes ! awa they set
 Aff by the dizzen.

Owre to the uncouth chiel he stapt,
Wha as a statue still stood rapt,
An' neath his nose the bannet clapt,
 Jinglin' it slight :
Whan it he heard, quick in he drapt
 His generous mite.

For sic a deed a' unprepared,
Wi' admiration great I stared,
To see hoo readily he shared
 His poortith's penny ;
For ithers' wants he felt and cared,
 Unlike the many.

Here stood a man wi' nae prood notion,
A beggar waif on life's rough ocean,
Free frae a' Sunday kirk-devotion,
 Or vain conceit ;
An' yet a heart for real emotion
 Did in him beat.

Ye sons o' poverty wha feel
A kindred glow for ithers' weal,
Hoo aft your little acts reveal
 The noble part,
Go, rich man, learn ! 'tis manhood's seal,
 The feelin' heart.

Gin aught is pleasin' to the eyes !
Gin aught can show love's gowden ties !
Gin aught' o' earth to Heaven will rise!
 It is to see
A humble beggar sympathise
 An' freely gie.

The coppers in an' countit owre,
Ilk face gae ae lang circlin' glour,
At seein' the haud o' music's pow'r
 On tight-drawn purses,
An' mang the crood they flung a shower
 O' muttered curses.

Their lips wi' trumpet-mou'-piece traces,
Gae the long wistfu'-like grimaces,
O' ill-fed, thin-cheeked, clappit faces,
 Wha hunger taste:
Syne aff they set to ither places,
 Mair win' to waste.

Sune ilka ane their hames regained,
An' lood opinion-hum had waned,
Aince mair the street its silence gained,
 Whan strange to tell,
Maist motionless my waif remained
 Standin' himsel'.

Frae side to side his heid he swayed,
Wi' sidlin' movement that betrayed
A mind o' undecided grade,
 Unmanly, weak,
He seemed he kentna whaur he stayed,
 Or hame to seek.

His givin' heart, his figure queer,
Garr'd tickled fancy in me steer,
Thocht I, I've fand a worthy here
 To music wed ;
Sae, kindly for his health to speir
 Awa I gaed.

Ah ! little, little I divined,
That he uncouth an' rag confined,
An' wha betrayed the swith'rin' mind
 Lived a' in nicht :
I started ! stared ! Oh Heavens ! he's blind !
 Bereft o' sicht.

My pity's tears maist upward welled,
As I his sightless orbs beheld,
That rolled beseechingly an' telled,
 The tale o' wae.
Yet, in his face content excelled
 Wi' beamin' sway.

Gin aught can be affliction's king !
Gin aught can frae us sorrow wring !
Gin aught can pierce wi' pity's sting !
 It is a face
For ever blind, where beauties cling
 Wi' calmness' grace.

O ! beggar blind, tho' rags ye wear,
Ye aiblins are to Him maist dear.
Your face seems but the index clear
 O' soul-at-rest.
Who knows! ye yet may lie fu' near
 His lovin' breast.

Quo' I, "Gude e'en," an' took his han,'
"What gars ye linger here an' stan'
Whan gane awa's the strollin' ban',
An' a' the lave?
I trow ye're under music's wan'
A willin' slave."

Noo a' his face sae sweetly smiled,
Maist lovely as a sleepin' child,
That angel soothin's hae beguiled
Wi' heavenly licht.
Quo' he, in accents softly mild,
"Weel, freen, ye're richt.

"I think I hear far up abune
The echoes o' yon waefu' tune
Despairin' like, as wearin' dune,
They soughin' dee,
An' sae I wond'rin', stan' an' croon
Its notes awee.

" But fegs your grip is unco kind,
Ye're no mistaen? Hoots, never mind,
Fouk tak sma' int'rest in the blind.

But troth I think
Your heart to feelin' is inclined,
Wi' sterlin' clink.

" It's seldom noo-a-days I meet
A speakin' freen upon the street.
Fouk for puir fouk hae tint conceit,
An' canna thole
To see a blin' man wantin' meat,
Wi' beggin' soul.

" Thae sma'-souled fouk in wealth secure,
Think that nae bodie should be puir,
An' that like them a' should procure
A fouth o' gear,
A hungry wame can ill endure
The gowden sneer.

“ But ye're no ane o' thae, I wot,
Else hoo comes it ye did me note ?
A chield wi scarce a breek or coat,
 An' blin', stane blin',
Doomed to haud life wi' beggin' o't
 Frae native kin.”

At seein' him fu' o' siccan crack,
It set my mind upon the rack,
To get him a bit seat to tak'
 Afore nicht fell,
For weel I kent he wadna lack
 Ferlies to tell.

His shroudit e'en sae nervous glidin',
His couthie, honest smile abidin',
His open unassumed confidin'
 Me closer drew ;
Thae gowden points rags weel can hide in
 Whan hearts are true.

Quo' I, "I'm Scotch, an' sae I hate
To gar fouk think I'm speirin' blate,
An' whan I saw your lanely state,
 I'll ne'er conceal,
Tho' no in philanthropy great
 I sometimes feel.

" But come, lat's oot o' this, for sure
The gossips noo begin to glour,
I'll chat wi ye a hauf an 'oor,
 Sae come alang,
We're brithers baith to music's pow'r
 Be 't tune or sang."

End of Canto I.

CANTO II.

HE took my arm wi' freenly grace,
An' wi' a lichtsome, jaunty pace,
We aff, an' fand a cosy place,
 Adorned by Nature,
Retired, awa frae lugs or face
 O' ony creature.

An infant river toddlin', sprawlin',
An' owre its pebbly path gaed brawlin'
Wi' cheery voice, that in its fallin'
 Was heard a' roun',
Like murmurs o' some seraph callin'
 Frae up abune.

Yon mountains, capped wi' misty clouds,
Gae't birth, an' on thro' banks an' woods,
An' stretchin' haughs, wi' frisky moods
 It warsled free,
An' poured its sma' infantile floods
 On to the sea.

Beneath an aik, whase branches cast
Saft shadows owre the stream that passed
Close by our feet, free, unharassed,
 Adoun we sat,
Like pairtit freens wha meet at last,
 An' keen for chat.

Quo' he, an' smilin' as he spake,
"What garred ye in me int'rest take,
It's sae uncommon noo to make
 A sudden freen,
Gin't be for doonright music sake,
 'Tis strange I ween."

Quo' I, "Whan I hear Scottish strains,
It sen's the life-blude thro' my veins,
An' will do sae while it remains
 To course alang,
'Twill vanquish a' death's grippin' pains—
 An auld Scots sang.

"Your deep enthralment was revealin'
Ane wha possest a kindred feelin',
An' quick the thocht gaed thro' me stealin'
 Freenship to mak',
The honest purpose to be sealin',
 I to ye spak'."

Slowly the auld hat frae his pow
He took, an' bared a noble brow,
Massive an' bald, tho' furrowed now
 Wi' Time's age-brand ;
'Twas intellectual I trow,
 An' simply grand.

His face upturnin' to the skies,
He heaved twa gentle, fa'in' sighs,
Like thae that frae the depths arise
 O' virgin heart,
Whan Love's wing dips, syne upward flies
 Joy to impart.

Quo' he, "Weel, 'tis a glorious phase,
That souk aft in their darkest days
Meet wi' a freen their hearts to raise
 An' spirits cheer ;
A true freen thou whan Scottish lays
 Are to ye dear.

" Sae, by oor laurelled Scottish lyre,
An' by the lays that we admire,
An' by an honest heart's desire,
 Gin ye will listen,
I'll tell ye hoo cam' Music's fire
 Wi' me to glisten.

“ The weight o’ years that I hae bore
Is just twa less than lang fourscore,
An’ yet ye see I’m to the fore,
 An’ leevin’ like ;
I doot, I fear, I’ve little more
 To gar me fyke.

“ My faither lived in auncient ha’,
My mither was a leddy braw,
An’ I their only heir to a’
 O’ muckle worth ;
But, but their face I never saw—
 Blin’ at my birth.

“ Their cup was fu’ o’ sorrow deep,
Nae happiness in me to reap,
An’ ootraged love to hate did creep
 Atour them baith ;
They loathed their wean, tho’ aft they’d weep,
 An’ wished his death.

“ Hell’s whisp’rin’s made their hearts grow cauld,
Hell’s resolutions made them bauld,
Hell’s darkest thochts did them enfauld,
An’ filled them a’ ;
An’ I, whan scarcely four weeks auld,
Was stown awa:

“ Heav’n’s wrath upon them sair descended,
Heav’n’s curses on them ne’er were ended ;
Till noo their name an’ lan’s are blended
Wi’ hist’ry’s past ;
While I, unkent, unnamed, unintended,
Am here, the last.

“ I learnt, unloved, to ca’ anither
That name, that sweetest name, “ my mither,”
A vagrant she, wi’ mair thegither,
Roamed unconstrained
'Mang woods, an’ glens, an’ hills o’ heather ;
They toons disdained.

“ I ne'er did pu' a mither's breast,
I ne'er hae been wi' love caressed,
I ne'er hae felt the heavenly zest
 O' parent's joy ;
But 'mang hard strangers a' unblest,
 Grew up a boy.

“ Untaught to lisp an infant's prayers,
Rowed up in sin an' a' its snares,
Wi' nane to bear the blin' boy's cares,
 Or gie regard ;
In ignorance' dark sloughs an' lairs
 I warsled hard.

“ For years stravaigin' Scotland o'er,
Frae Inverness to Solway shore,
A cuddie's pannier oft me bore,
 Happ't wi' meal bags ;
An unnursed wean in misery's core,
 An' filth an' rags.

“A wee bit lassie dwelt amang
That trampin’, godless, thievin’ thrang,
The only ane, wha Pity’s twang
Loved to record.
For me she’d kindly lead alang
Wi’ couthie word.

“She’d tell me tales, an’ sangs she’d sing,
Wi’ voice that made the welkin ring ;
Aft roun’ my neck her arms she’d fling,
An’ kiss my broo ;
Ay, for me she’d dune onything,
The angel doo.

“Whan frae the lave we were apart,
She sang auld sangs to roose my heart,
An’ sterlin’ joy she wad impart
In thae young days ;
I was a wean aneath her art
O’ liltin’ lays.

“ Unsullied happiness was ours,
As blithe amang our heather bowers
We spent the mellow gloamin’ hours
Wi’ joy indeed ;
She weavin’ garlands o’ the flowers
To croon my heid.

“ Drapt she unkent oor music’s seed,
That slowly grew, but grew indeed,
My only thocht, my only creed,
My sole pursuit,
Its ootcome first wi’ rustic reed,
A sma’ bit flute.

“ For months I tried, wi’ native will,
To emulate my goddess’ skill,
She sang, an’ I wad play until
I tint the air,
Wi’ cheerin’ words she’d hope instil,
Wi’ ‘ Try’t aince mair.’

“Thus we grew up, an’ sang an’ played,
Cheerin’ the gang wi’ whom we gaed,
But oh, ae day she low was laid
Wi’ cruel fever ;
For days I sat beside her bed,
I ’d lea’ her never.

“Whan gey far thro’, an’ unco weak,
Whan death was drawin’ up the steek,
Aft in her ravin’s she wad speak,
An’ sing sae sweet ;
Then, then I ’d kiss her clammy cheek,
An’ sairly greet.

“Oh then I wished my curtained een
Wad burst their strainin’—fated screen !—
That I micht gaze on her, my freen !
My only hope !
For ever darkened then I ’d been
Content to grope.

“ Death cam’, she sighed ‘ I’m gaun ! I’m gaun !
Willie ! Willie ! Your han’ ! your han’ !
Forget me na ! It’s gran’ ! it’s gran’ !
It’s a’ delicht !’
Ae sough—wheesht ! to the better lan’—
Her soul took flight.

“ I felt her face, her broo, her hair,
I gripp’t her han’, nae life was there,
Nae smilin’ noo, my tears fell sair
Owre her cauld form.
Then rose my grief, boun’ wi’ despair,
/ In shiverin’ storm.

“ Whaur saft win’s moan, an’ blue bells wave,
Or tempests wild careerin’ rave,
There dug they her lane moorlan’ grave
By torches glare ;
Then laid my angel in, an’ gave
Ae sinner’s prayer.

“ I needna sigh, I needna tell,
I needna on thae sorrows dwell.
Thus I grew on maist a’ mysel,
Until a man,
Whan He wha guards a’ orphans well,
New thochts began.

“ Ay ! He whase name we a’ should fear,
Drapt on me ae sma’ pity’s tear,
An’ tho’ bereft o’ her sae dear,
I learned, I saw,
That He gae me a music’s ear,
True, graspin’ a’.

“ Whan torrents poured their wild refrain,
Whan winds wad sigh, an’ tempests grane,
Whan lichtnin’s made the heavens their ain,
An’ Nature stirred,
Whan thunders burst, an’ roared amain,
I music heard.

“ The whisp’rin’s o’ oor gloom-wrapt hills,
The murmurin’s o’ creepin’ rills,
The nicht-birds’ eerie fitsfu’ trills
 Wad piercin’ fa’;
An’ thro’ my soul shot rapt’rous thrills
 O’ music a’.

“ In ilka shower amang the trees,
In deein’ soughin’s o’ ilk breeze,
E’en wavin’ leaflets gae a heeze
 O’ Nature’s rhyme,
That on my heart wad powerfu’ seize,
 An’ fa’in’ chime.

“ E’en tho’ my grief I ’d aye conceal,
I felt some power a’ owre me steal,
An’ as I played my flute, I ’d feel,
 Her presence near ;
The auld tunes that she lo’ed sae weel
 Seemed yet to cheer.

“I thocht she whispered, ‘Play ! oh play !
Auld Scotland’s tunes o’ mournfu’ wae,
Oh hoo they soun’, they please us sae
 Here up abune !
Oh, dinna frae “oor ain ” e’er stray,
 Whate’er the tune.’

“I vowed, I swore an awfu’ aith,
That while my flute gae soun’ to breath,
Nocht but gude Scots I’d thrum, till death
 Wad gar me quiver.
In hoose or street, for bread or clraith,
 Scots ! Scots ! for ever !

“Thus a’ resolved, an’ gey doon-heartit,
Soon frae the vagrants I departit,
Wha tried in vain to get me thwartit
 Wi’ tales o’ dread ;
My wants were sma’, an’ sae I startit
 To earn my bread.

“ For threescore years, tho’ blin’ I ’ve trod
Maist ilka mile o’ ilka road ;
Tho’ owrecome aft wi’ hunger’s load
I ne’er repined ;
’Mid frosts an’ snaws, unhoused, unshod,
My vow I ’d mind.

“ Wi’ feent a penny aft to wair,
Wi’ hunger’s gnawin’ visage bare,
Ettlin’ to feed on bluidy fare,
An’ stap my heart,
E’en then her whisp’rin’s in the air
Wad strength impart.

“ Thae grips I ’ve felt, yet Truth maun prove,
That then, my countrymen did love
The tunes that hae the laurels wove
Roun’ noble broos ;
Then hearts an’ pouches soon wad move
An’ gie profuse.

“ My income sma’, my wants were less,
I had nae fyke wi’ meat or dress,
Sae to a brither in distress,
 I aft could spare,
That they might taste, o’ happiness,
 A beggar’s share.”

End of Canto II.



CANTO III

Quo’ I, “Weel, but the tale I’ve heard
Has struck Affection’s keenest chord ;
Deep sympathy ye’ve in me stirred,
 That burnin’ sears.
Your life has been maist truly hard
 Thro’ a’ thae years.

“Wha tell’t ye o’ your richtfu’ name
Or that to lan’s ye had a claim?
Hoo comes it that your auncient hame
Was frae ye torn ?
Fouk leevin’ surely wad proclaim
An heir was born !”

His sleeve atour his broo he passed,
Syne turned his face straucht to the wast,
Whaur sunset’s gowden tinges cast
A bonnie halo.
Quo’ he, “Your questions come gey fast.
Ye speirin’ fellow.

“By her abune I never lee,
I’ll tell ye what was tell’t to me,
By some auld carlin gaun to dee,
Wha heard me playin’;
I ‘neath the same roof chanced to be
Twa, three nictts stayin’.

“Tis five year syne, in this same toon,
A' day I had been playin' roun',
An' had come in an' sat me doun
 A kin' o' drearie.
Till parritch time, I thrummed a tune
 To keep me cheerie.

“I scarce had got the hauf o't thro'
Whan ope'd the door, an' e'er I knew,
A voice says, ‘Hey, come ben the noo,
 I'm for ye sent.
My deein' grannie thinks that you
 Are to her kent.

“‘ Gie me your han', noo come awa,
Come, come, I hear her on ye ca'.'
Hauf doitet an' dumfoonert a',
 Awa' I gaed,
An' fan' my feet stir up some straw
 That on she laid.

“ Then rose a voice sae cracked an’ shrill—
‘ Ma conscience winna dee until
I lift its weight o’ livin’ ill
An’ sinkin’ sin.
Play ye the flute? Are ye ca’d Will?
An’ are ye blin’?’

“ Quo’ I, ‘ Ye’re richt.’ ‘ Weel, weel,’ she said,
‘ Ah, man, for mony a year I’ve prayed
To meet wi’ ye ere I was laid
Doon in the grun’.
I’ll tell ye, ere my breath shall fade,
O’ wrang I’ve dune.

“ Your faither’s gowd my mither bocht,
For ye were blin’, an’ sae he thocht
That in the warl ye wad dae nocht
His name to flourish,
An’ sae wi’ us he sleely thocht
That ye should perish.

“ ‘ My mither stole ye whan a wean,
The name ye hae is no your ain,
You ’re heir to ae gran’ auld domain,
 Baith hill an’ dale,
Nae kith nor kin but ye remain,
 To claim the haill.

“ ‘ Ugh ! oh ! my heart the grippin’s got,
Your name is Char—oh ! oh ! my throat !
Char—lie !’ Nae mair she gae me o’t,
 Death did her tak’,
Sae ne’er unravelled was the knot
 She helped to mak’.

“ Ye ’ll see noo I ’ve nae chance ava’
O’ provin’ wha I am at a’,
Sic evidence is unco sma’,
 An’ I am auld ;
An’ beggars ne’er should gang to law
 Richts to unfauld.

“ Whae'er I am is noo nae maitter,
I'm truly happy in my natur'
O' a flute-playin,' beggin' creatur',
Wi' peacefu' mind.
E'en riches couldna change the feature
O' ane stane-blind.

“ Ae thocht an' wish encircles me,
Ae aim, ae hope, I live to pree,
That is, while here, I try to be
Gude ! gude ! tho' puir,
Sae wi' *her*, yonder, whan I dee,
I'll joy secure.”

My int'rest in him got excited,
As he this tale to me recited ;
I saw he was aye maist delighted
Whan on the theme
O' her, wha youthfu' days had lighted
Wi' joy supreme.

Quo' I, "Ay! ay! is that the gate
Ye tint your name an' auld estate?
Man! yours has been a waefu' fate,

An' felt by few;
Your story in me doth create
Wonder anew.

" Your reas'nin' tho' is unco sage :
Puir fouk should ne'er wi' law engage,
Toom pouches ill can law wars wage,
Or haud their ain;
Rich fouk aft throw a-gley the gage,
Their en's to gain.

" Tho' life-fechtins ye lang hae borne,
I'm prood to see you no forlorn ;
Excellin' a' thae fouk that mourn
For wealth-increase—
Far happier puir, than rich, but shorn
O' real peace.

“ Gin wrang conclusions I ‘ve no drawn,
Ye say Scots music sair has fa’n.
An’ your experience has shawn
 Its deein’ oot.
Hoo judge ye ? dae I understan’
 It’s by your flute ? ”

Quo’ he, “ I canna see yon settin’ sun,
Altho’ I feel the day’s near done,
Aweel, as sure’s its course is run,
 Sae is oor lyre,
Hair-mooldit noo, low in the grun’,
 Bereft o’ fire.

“ Thae were the days, ca’d auld lang syne,
Oor poets sang o’ sae divine.
Days, like my e’en, nae mair to shine,
 Are gane ! gane ! gane !
Fouk noo gang gropin’ on an’ tine
 Life’s sweet keystane.

“No lang sin’ syne, I mind the day,
I hadna weel begun to play
Some hameowre lilt, or wail o’ wae,
In ony street,
Fouk then wad ne’er in hooses stay,
But oot, an’ greet.

“Aye ! aft in croods I ’ve stood the centre,
An’ struck up Scotch by way o’ ventur’ ;
Quick then the dart wad in them enter
An’ joy wad fetch.
Had I ha’en sicht, an’ me a painter,
I ’d made the sketch.

“Then fractious weans in mither’s arms
Nae mair wad yell wi’ dreich alarms,
Their pained wames wad at music’s charms
Clean loup awa,
An’ oot they ’d come in peacefu’ swarms
An’ lauchin’ a’.

“Then lasses left the spinnin’-wheel,
An’ frae the hoose wad quickly steal,
An’ roun’ me come, that fegs I’d feel
 Their balmy breath :
To Heugh ! whan I struck up a reel,
 They ne’er were laith.

“Their bashfu’ joes to be na beat,
Wad snap their thooms, an’ lift their feet,
A’ wad the meanin’ soun’ repeat
 Till fired their blude,
Then clean owrecome wi’ music’s heat
 They danced like wud.

“Then auld fouk sittin’ in the door,
Forgot the weight o’ years they bore,
An’ wi’ a gathered breath they ’d roar,
 ‘Weel dune ! Play up !’
An’ crutches then wad time the floor,
 Wi’ mony a whup.

“ Thae days, o’ siller fouk had less,
But yet they had mair happiness,
An’ real enjoyment a’ did bless,
 An’ pure content.

Then wad my siller-pouch doon press
 Wi’ something in ’t.

“ But noo, I ’m looked on as a ferlie,
Some antiquated fossil carlie,
Wha plays a flute, deservin’ barely
 A bit o’ bread.

Man, Scotch worth sinks, an’ unco sairly,
 Whan music’s dead.

“ At markets, hirin’s, an’ at fairs,
In streets an’ lanes, or village squares,
I thrum awa at Natur’s airs,
 To mak’ a leevin’,
Noo, I hae cause, wi blin’ fouk’s cares,
 For muckle grievin’.

“ I’m free to tak an’ aith, I dow,
Fouk haena hearts for music now,
Scots tunes hae tint their grip, I trow,
 Upon the breists.
Wersh, wat’ry trash-tunes wildly grow,
 An’ suit a’ tastes.

“ Ay ! tho’ oor melodies remain,
Few claim them as their native ain,
To sing them noo, gies nocht but pain,
 At least few do’t :
Oor Scottish pride is on the wane,
 An’ music to’t.

“ E’en weans noo, ere they scarce can crawl,
Gie vent to tunes, wi’ tiny bawl,
New come frae some laigh music-hall,
 Or penny gaff ;
An’ parents, pleased at wondrous drawl,
 Approvin’ laugh.

“The ploughman noo, gaun to the toon,
To buy his sax-month-pair o’ shoon,
Brings hame the fag end o’ a tune
 Bred in some hole,
An’ thrums at it frae morn till noon,
 Wi’ greedy soul.

“Oor dochters noo ! forgie the name,
To lilt guid Scots but gies them shame,
I hear them aft whan they’re at hame,
 Like sciechin’ kae,
Scrieve aff some sangs, new-fangled, tame,
 That wad ye daze.

“Ay ! ay ! we live in fast, fast times,
Owre fast indeed for tunes or rhymes
To tak a haud on hearts, whase chimes
 Ring, Cash ! aloud.
Ilk owre his neebor rides or climbs,
 To gather gowd.

“ Scots love o’ country a’ is fause,
Whan Scottish music vainly fa’s
On Scotsmen’s lugs, whase deafened wa’s
Are just sel’ thickened ;
To foreign skreighs, they ’ll shout applause,
Till Natur’s sickened.

“ Ah, man ! oor hameowre’s tint its grip,
Whan short-lived trash can gie a nip,
An’ be retailed on every lip,
Baith high an’ low,
Wow! but Scot judgment’s ta’en the slip,
Whan times are so.

“ Puir Scotland noo has tint the strains,
That used to roose her hardy weans,
An’ aft on bluidy battle plains,
Made up for men.
The ling’rin’ echo that remains,
Nane fash to ken.

“ Weel may she widowed grane an’ gape,
An’ bin’ her auld mutch roun’ wi’ crape,
An’ blin’ wi’ greetin’ lanely graip
Aboot her ingle.
Few cheer her noo wi’ sang or scrape
O’ hamely jingle.

“ Puir bodie! noo sair does she grieve,
An’ mony an angry sigh she’ll heave ;
At wayward sons, whase sangs but deave
Her honoured age,
She’ll clutch her staff, an’ shak’ her nieve,
Wi’ bitter rage.

“ The past an’ my auld flute bein’ linked,
This ‘fa’n awa’ I’ve felt distinct ;
Scots music-love is maist extinct,
‘Deein’ awa.’
Fouk noo are born reft o’ instinct
For ocht that’s braw.

"Whatever lofty should abide
The beacon o' a nation's pride,
Whase licht resplendent name should incize
But stan' their boast,
It is the sangs that on will guide
Till time is lost.

"Scots music! soother of the soal
An' captivator o' my whole!
Thy potent spell wha can control?
Man, it's divine;
Thochts frae this warl it aft has stoice,
'Tis sae wi' mine!

"Fouk no are guid, nor are they great,
Whan moral poisons doth create
A feelin', morbid, insensate
To real guid.
Debasin' sangs are Satan's bait
To catch his food.

“ I’ve gien ye noo my views an’ fears,
I’ve bared the markin’s o’ my years,
Judge ye gin richt or wrang appears,
Wi’ your ain notes.
Gin candour sway your een an’ ears,
Truth, blushin’, floats.

“ Fegs! but the day is wearin’ dune,
I feel the gloamin’ up abune,
I doot the sun has sunk gey sune
In wastlan’ airt;
Sae, gin ye like, I’ll play ae tune
Afore we pairt!”

Quo’ I, “ You’re richt in a’ ye say,
I aft hae made in my sma’ way,
Wee observations that pourtray
The fated truth,
That fouk their noblest points betray,
Wi’ low-sang drouth.

" But by a' thae I 've ever kent :
By a' the happy oors I 've spent !
By freenship's pure concrete cement !

I here declare,
This day an' you are kings anent
A' comers mair.

" Maist happy I to hear ye play,
Afore we rise an' hameward gae,
The sun 's awa, but gloamin' grey
Is mair akin
To music's captivatin' sway,
Sae noo, begin."

Quo' he, " By her I aye revere !
An' by the freenship we 've made here !
I 'll play the tune a' Scots loe dear,
Ye heard the day ;
I think my notes your heart will steer,
Or mak ye wae."

Aince mair his face a' glowin' beamed,
Aince mair he a' uncanny seemed,
The flute was up, syne slowly streamed,
 Low, tremblin' notes,
Like heav'nly chant o' the redeemed
 Wi' angel throats.

Noo higher, sweeter, up they'd swell,
Then they to sadd'nin' cadence fell ;
Ilk note was pained, an' seemed to tell
 Some sorrow's wrong.
My tears burst forth, I wi' the spell
 Maist tint my tongue.

I stared wi' wonder-streamin' eyes !
I felt some chokin' feelin' rise !
I heard some voices in the skies !
 Sabbin' reply,
Saft as an echo whan it dies
 Far yont the sky.

Then feelin' burst the tightenin' band,
I rose, an' seized him by the hand,
“ Haud ! haud ! gie owre ! I canna stand
 Thae notes divine.
Forgie me ; but ye play sae grand,
 That sense I tine.

“ Scots tunes like that I canna bear,
Sic notes my heart-strings dinna spare,
They howk far in, an' gnaw an' tear
 My soul away ;
Ah, man ! I noo will ever swear
 That ye can play.”

He ceased, an' smilin', slowly placed
The auld flute aince mair in his breast,
Quo' he, “ I think you 've got a taste
 O' real Scots now ;
The auld flute ne'er has yet disgraced
 My youthfu' vow.

“ But troth it’s time noo to be gaun,
I feel the gloamin’ roun’ me fa’in,
An’ its cool breath is saftly blawin’
 Wi’ soothin’ pow’rs ;
An’ fegs, for hame we maun be drawin’
 In decent hours.”

Sae owre the brig, an’ to the toon,
We arm in arm were quickly boun’,
Wi’ cheerie crack to freenship’s soun’
 We trudged alang,
Prood that we spent the afternoon,
 Sae unco thrang.

I led him to a cottage door,
An’ gripp’t his han’, but maist forebore
To say gude-nicht, for at my core
 Pity was roused,
To see this blin’ Scot o’ fourscore
 ‘Mang strangers housed.

Quo' he, " I 'm glad, indeed, we 've met,
We 're pairtin' noo, but never let
Ocht but oor tunes your natur' whet,
As you 're a Scot ;
My tale an' me, oh ne'er forget,
Whate'er your lot.

" May Heaven's favours ever bless ye !
May joyous bairns ever kiss ye !
An' bairns' bairns lang caress ye !
Wi' hearts that feei,
May Sawtan thwartit ever miss ye,
Gude-nicht ! Fareweel ! "

The incidents of the foregoing poem are strictly true. I met the "auld blin' man" at a small town in the south of Scotland, while spending a holiday. His eccentricities attracted my attention, and we got into "crack." Retiring to the outskirts of the town, we spent the afternoon together, during which time he told me the tale of his being descended from some "guid auld stock," and he also, with considerable humour, deplored the "downfa'" of our Scottish

tunes. Whether this conclusion was derived from "wastin' mair win'" than formerly, to bring in the siller, I know not, but he was in every respect an enthusiast on our Scotch airs. Of all the flute players I have heard, he, to my fancy, was second to none. May he long live to "waste mair win'."

MODERN KIRK FOUK

Faith scorched by men, who are not what they seem,
Is but a mockery, and maist supreme.

PROLOGUE

AE Sabbath morn fand me in dootfu' mood,
As to the kirk I hied to gather food—
Food for my e'e, food for my jottin' pen,
Food unco cheap—the errant ways o' men.
'Twas my intention no to gang within,
But, od ! I thocht 'twad be an awfu' sin
To danner up and doon, like some lowse stirk,
Whan a' gude fouk were trudgin' to the kirk—
It didna look for me, wha 's kent sae weel,
To be an anti-kirk-gaun ootlan' chiel ;
Appearances, in this enlightened age,
Stan' wi' the public as the plumb-line gauge

O' moral worth, o' mankind's noblest parts—
The judge-by-standard o' a' human hearts.
(Sunday's sleek morals seem the saul's saft paint—
Just daub yourself', an', presto ! you're a saunt.)
Aweel, I changed my mind as soon's I saw
Sae mony kent fouk dressed sae mighty braw ;
An' deemed it wad my conscience better pay
To gang inside an' calmly them survey,
An' note their Sunday gait an' Sunday grace,
An' hoo they smother sin wi' lengthened face ;
An' hoo, wi' some gleg twist o' Christian skill,
Gar ae day's gudeness whitewash sax o' ill.
I marked some chiels like martyrs stalk alang,
Wha to this earth seemed nae mair to belang,
In sham humility's low, stoopin' state—
The ootward token o' some inward weight—
Scarce lookin' straucht, sae penitent they gaed ;
In e'e-impressin' black maist a' arrayed ;
A weel-gilt Bible did ae han' adorn—
In use the day—deil tak' it come the morn.

Ay, ay ! 'tis necessary to complete
The sinner's Sunday suit whan on the street ;
O' Sunday's acts it is their guide and base—
He maun be gude whan he the beuk displays !
Sae fouk aft think ; but, ah ! 'tis gross deceit ;
Sic actions aft but hide the hypocrite.
Gilt Christianity's a weel-used shield
To Sawtan's servin' scamps erst unconcealed ;
Beneath its cloke their hatefu' deeds are done—
E'en deils are masked whan they the garb put on.
Sae whan I saw sic ootward sauntly pride,
I wondered what their modes wad be inside.
They're kent on week-days as sin-sodden sheep,
Feeding on pastures that they ne'er did reap,
Unblushin' rogues, extortionate, an' vile,
Staunch sax-day sinners steeped in Mammon's wile ;
But on the seventh, wi' grace, gey ill at ease,
They seek the kirk their conscience to appease.
To note their flimsy Brummagem display
Was the wee job I ga'e mysel' that day.

JOTTIN' I.

INTO the door I gaed, an', at the plate,
An elder bodie stan's wi' lyart pate,
Sae hoary-lookin', reverend-like, an' douce,
But yet the keeper o' a public-hoose ;
Indeed, 'twas past my comprehension's range
T'accoont for sic a captivatin' change—
A wizard change ; for, od ! his visage bore
A look far different frae the nicht before.
I thocht my optics were a wee at fault,
Sae made a sma' involuntary halt ;
But they were richt (they ne'er hae me de-
ceived) :
He was the same, an' sae I felt relieved.
I kent that he, delightin', ne'er did shrink
Frae sellin' drunk fouk aye his cursèd drink ;

Then he, bereft o' pity, fondly gazed
On stoit'rin', stagg'rin' mortals, whisky-dazed,
Whase sweat-won earnin's graced his hellish till,
An' did his soul-lined coffers amply fill.
An' here he stan's—an elder ! free frae ill,
Whase week-day motto is, " Anither gill"—
A man wha sax days is o' soul exempt,
Wha worthy claims a' honest fouk's contempt ;
A man devoid o' manhood's meanest merits,
A soul-destroyer wi' his poisonous spirits ;
A man whase warks are cursed, whase faith is such
That gude but withers 'neath his blastin' touch ;
An' yet, wi' this black way o' makin' siller,
See ! here he stan's—an elder an' kirk pillar.
Can sic wi' truth or honour deck the cause ?
Can sic fulfil oor grand Christ-given laws ?
Can sic be Christians in ocht but name ?
Can sic be real in the faith they claim ?
He lib'rally will gi'e a gude donation
O' siller stamped wi' seal o' saul-damnation.

But can his siller real gude be doin' ?
Can gude e'er come whase pith is ithers' ruin ?
Oh, hideous mockery ! that sin surpasses—
Faith blushin', propped wi' godly whisky glasses.
Sae here he stan's, great heritor o' hate,
A whisky sentry ower a kirk-door plate.
Awa', earth-devil ! sin disseminator !
No Sunday acts can gloss thy craven nature ;
Thy pestilential prayer but gude obscures,
And e'en contaminates hell's darkest sewers.
Outrage nae mair man's noblest attributes—
Go ! poisoner, go ! and blush before the brutes.
There let your grey hairs, clammy-hangin', nod—
Be each a whip from thine insulted God.

JOTTIN' II.

I SLIDDERED in, an' sat abreist the door,
An' watched rank sinners as they in did pour ;
While at the plate, od ! noo there stood anither,
Supportin' gravely his loved whisky brither—
A lang, ill-spliced, deceivin' grocer chiel,
Ane up to skilled adulteratin' weel,
In fashioned choker white, wi' serious air,
An' smileless visage stamped wi' Sunday care—
A kind o' foggy, philosophic look,
That sax-day sinners' faces ill can brook,
An' shows their efforts, centered in the licht,
O' keepin' facial cuticle aye ticht.
Hech me ! a grocer, chief o' licht-weight art—
Ane wha for six days smores his cheatin' heart,
An' sells puir customers his goods, bocht cheap,
That he, adulteratin', mair may reap,

Or riches mak'. He nae compunction feels
To sell his trash, that, gey weel mixed, conceals
Its real worth frae honest toilin' anes,
Whase siller gangs to swell his ill-got gains.
A Christian grocer—pardon me the lee—
A counter rogue, frae prison aye scot-free,
Whase counter eloquence for sax days tends
To further aye his siller-makin' ends.
As strugglin' flies to treacle aye doth stick,
Sae he his customers secures wi' "tic";
Ance in his grip, they scarce can gang awa—
The charm o' credit is the rascal's law;
Sel' satisfied his goods will dae nae ill—
Should they no fatten, why, they toom wames fill.
An' here he stan's ! in sanctimony great—
A Sunday saunt, a warder at the gate.
Whase Sunday saip has washed his heart gey clean,
That sax-day roguery nae mair is seen.
Noo Sunday righteousness supreme prevails,
An' balances his trash an' licht-weight scales;

An' sae he feels that he nae sinner is,
But that his soul wi' real gude doth bizz,
An' that his fellow-men should be gey prood
O' ane like him, sae favoured, sae endowed—
Whase licht has no been set in darksome places,
But spreads its halo 'fore their shroudit faces,
That a' should follow in his holy path,
An' save themsel's frae future burnin' wrath.
Thus, thus he feels, this pumpkin o' conceit—
This plate-supportin' grocer o' deceit !
Look hoo he stan's !—Oh, what a transformation !—
A Sunday saunt ! prone to adulteration.
Justice an' honesty, love's kindred twins,
He ne'er has known. Behold him ! free frae sins !
Can sic as he teach Christian reliance,
Whase only principle 's the cheatin' science ?
Can sic as he, in a' his Sunday graith,
Convince his victims o' his Christian faith ?
Or can his siller, got in roguish ways,
E'er in his conscience gowden calmness raise—

Or can it e'er do gude, or virtue spread,
Whan he that gies it is to virtue dead ?
Siller frae him may help to pay the steepen'—
Its ither gude, preserve us frae the reapin' !
Awa', sly sax-day rogue ! an' dinna doot
That a' your counter sins will find you oot—
Not a' your sel'-profession e'er shall swerve
The direst punishment ye weel deserve.
Thinkna that Sawtan is a greedy chiel—
He'll ne'er adulterate the pains ye 'll feel ;
But wi' a freenly hug, will draw ye closer,
An' stir up hell to welcome such a grocer !
Thinkna that ye, by going to the church,
Are nearer heaven, tho' standing in its porch ;
Or that, wi' your lang Sunday face and gait,
Ye'll e'er relieve your soul o' its foul weight.
Ah ! mair than fule art thou, wi' livin' creed,
O' losin' soul for sake o' siller greed.
Maist worthy plate-pair ye to represent
The Christianity that weel is kent

As the vile mask for hidin' modern evils—
Saunty in face, at heart far waur than deevils.
I loathe ye baith, an' wi' contempt, declare,
Weel matched in a', ye are a bonnie pair !

JOTTIN' III.

I TURNED my een and viewed a gaudy throng
O' baith the sexes, a' in fashion strong ;
Predominant, the ladies bore the gree
O' modern fashion's comicality.
Here heids had humps ahint that, tow'rin',
 seemed
A hairy helmet that wi' hair-oil gleamed,

Its crest a wee bit bannet lightly bore,
That, angled, lay the dainty broos atour,
While it belyve was decked wi' bogus lace,
That, curvin', fell and hid maist half the face ;
An' some bore feathers or dead birds' half
wings,
An' countless yards o' mony-coloured strings,
An heids o' preens, that held the hair an' frills,
Shot oot a roun' like porcupinal quills.
Thus was ilk heid decked oot in modern braws—
The base a toom scaup, wi' its mak'-up fause ;
Here costly silks an' velvets glintin' shone ;
While some, mair warm, had owre their shouthers
thrown
A shawl o' lace maist delicately thin,
That showed aneath a tawny, pouthered skin ;
An', hingin' roun' the necks o' not a few,
Were chains wi' lockets o' a dubious hue ;
An' frae ilk ane arose a foosty scent,
That roun' the biggin' its vague perfume sent.

Thus a' enrobed in gee-gaw Sabbath beauty,
Here sat oor ladies doing Christian duty—
A' sleely squintin' at their neebor's claes,
While envy or disdain ilk e'e betrays,
An' gey uneasily they fidged an' hirsled
Wi' prickin' pride that their vain hearts had birsled.
Aweel, the men-fouk tae were nae ways blate
To tak' a sidlin' sklent at them wha sate
On either side : they took their mental notes
Gin shirts were white, or wha wore bran' new coats.
An' whan a stranger showed his anxious face,
They, unconcerned, ne'er made for him a place,
But let him danner, wi' bewildered look
An' blushin' cheek, into some empty nook,
Weel pleased that he beside them didna ventur'—
They and their seat bein' pure religion's centre—
It wadna dune for him to mingle wi'
Us ! weel-dressed sons o' Christianity !
Whase swellin' righteousness, this faith imbued—
Strangers are sinners a', but we are guude—

We are the sheep, a' ither fouk are goats—
We holy are whan in oor Sunday coats !
Noo comes the beadle, wha benignly bore
The Glorious Volume, wi' its Sunday store
O' food condensed on parson-written pages,
That, flaffin', peeped oot frae the volume's edges.
Sae it he placed, as was his use and wont,
Upon a cushion on the poopit front ;
Then doon he gaed, as saintly like as ony,
To show the parson ben wi' ceremony ;
In comes the minister wi' martyr air,
An' strode fu' stately up the poopit stair,
Close followed by "his man," e'en mair demure,
Whase duty was to mak' the door secure.
This little bodie was a tailor creature,
Cabbage an' drink to wham were second nature,
Wha for sax days wad boose an' fuddle deep,
But on the seventh Good Templarism did keep—
Appreciated as a monument,
An' muckle thocht o' whaur he was unkent.

A' noo was hushed, an' slow the parson rase,
An', wi' a saft voice, said, " Let us gi'e praise."
Then some sweet verses to a sweeter tune
Rose clear an' loud, an' rolled the roof abune ;
Oh, but 'twas gran' ! an', had ilk heart been richt,
There's nocht on earth could equal sic a sicht.
The singin' dune, then poured he forth a prayer
That hearts should thankfu' be for a' the care
That had been ta'en o' them, an' the week's
health
They had enjoyed while rinnin' after wealth ;
An' that ilk ane should aye the richt pursue,
That earthly blessings may be theirs anew.
Wi' this resistless, honest-gien appeal,
I saw the women fouk gey gently steal
Their lace-boun' handkerchiefs frae oot their
pouches,
An' gi'e their een some gently tellin' touches—
The linen owre their e'en absorbed the wat,
An' sae I kenna whether ony grat—

Bein' modern noo the handkerchief to show
Whane'er the parson hits a tellin' blow ;
But weel he kens that each wha feign to greet
Is at the heart a sterlin' hypocrite.
Thus they a' stood, owrecome wi' weight o'
 sins ;
“ Weel dune ! ” says I ; “ repentance noo begins ! ”
The prayer was dune ; anither psalm was sung ;
Syne owre the sermon a' the hearers hung.
This was his theme—maist personal, I’m sure—
“ Sell a' ye hae, an' gie 't unto the puir.”
In college jargon-oratory’s parts,
He poured his ebullition owre their hearts,
An' railed against the sin o' riches' flow,
That sealed their souls to an eternal woe—
That brocht nae peace on earth, nor purchased
 heav'n—
That frae possessors' hearts a' gude had driven ;
Ance in their grip, it was their only care
Hoo to mak' wee into a little mair ;

Gin they were sinners born, they noo were worse ;
For wealth was nocht but just a bitter curse—
A glaum'rin' shade that aft owre fouks' hearts fell,
Wha, wand'rin' blindly, stoitered into hell !
Sae a' ye gowd-boun' hearts, wha live to save !
Ken ye, ye puirest are whan yont the grave ?
There will ye stan' condemned, in hideous raws—
Then, a' owre late, ye 'll find your life was fause—
Then will ye, shriekin', view, wi' terror's look,
The fizzin' lake in which ye hae to dook—
Then by the necks, auld Sawtan will ye take,
An' hing ye up like herrin' on a hake,
That ye may, wrigglin', scan the awfu' scene,
An' feel the pains o' what ye micht hae been.
Your retribution just, tho' unco ample,
Whan a' doon there ye'll be a gran' example.
Sae, wi' this brilliant peroration dose,
He brocht his scoutherin' sermon to a close.

JOTTIN' IV.

THE sermon dune, anither prayer he gae,
Syne read some papers that beside him lay ;
But whan he cam to ane that was the last,
A look o' sudden sorrow owre him passed,
An' wi' a falterin' voice an' upturned e'e,
He tell't a tale o' pairtin' sune to be—
That, efter mony tears, an' prayers, an' a',
He had decided to accept the ca'
Gien to him by a distant congregation,
Wha yearned, indeed, for his soul-ministration.
Dreich was the fecht afore he cam' to yield ;
But yet he thocht 'twad be anither field
Whaur he could gather sinners to the fauld,
An' wi' sin-shunnin' robes wad them enfauld.

Loth, loth was he frae his auld freens to pairt—
The thocht, like lead, was hingin' to his heart ;
But this consoled him—that they truly kent
That ca's to parsons are divinely meant.
He hoped that a' wad gie him pairtin' strength,
In secret prayers o' mair than ord'nar length ;
He hoped that they his presence wadna miss—
Whaure'er he was he aye them a' wad bless.
Sae endit he, syne gae anither tune ;
An', owrecomelike, he to his seat sat doon.
The hymn bein' thro', wi' utterance maist choked,
He on them a' a blessin' sweet invoked.
Then cam' relief, an' wad-be-oot-like bustlin' ;
Then rose some whisp'rin's owre the silken
rustlin'—
A' doorwards turned, an' oot they slowly streamed—
While ocht but penitence on faces beamed.
Ance oot, 'twas seen that they were nae ways
stirred
Wi' a' the gude that they this day had heard :

Baith auld an' young by hameward ways retire,
Wi' hearts still wallowin' in sinfu' mire,
A' self-inflated wi' this bastard fact—
That kirk-gaun keeps their holiness intact.
I, like the lave, cam' oot, an' met a chiel
Wha kent the workin's o' the kirk gey weel—
Ane wha had listened sair for mony a year,
Ane whaur the man took lang, lang to appear,
Ane wha on Sundays doffed his sax-day face,
An' seemed intent on gainin' savin' grace—
A Sabbatarian strict, in every sense,
But yet his hollow heart was a' pretence ;
He was sae gude, judged by his sel'-made scale,
He'd dine that day on Saturday-made kail ;
Yet a' his show could ne'er remove the stamp
O' bein' a siller-howkin' sax-day scamp.
I spak' to him wi' freenly mornin' word,
An' roosed the sermon that I lately heard,
An' praised the minister's deep erudition—
His handlin' o' his theme wi' sic precision ;

An', wi' mock sympathy, I said, "'Twas grievin'
To think that sic a gude man was them leavin'."
I spiered the reason, but he shook his head,
Syne, lookin' roun', he, earwise, whisp'rin', said—
"Hets, man! you're blin'; oor parson's like the
lave—

Wi' a' his gude he feels the siller-crave;
His steepen's sma' wi' us, an' disna sair
His modern wants, an' sae he's efter mair.
He'll sell his labour whaur he's highest paid—
For siller maistly rules the preachin' trade—
He's ane wha lives just for his life-subsistence,
An', deein', leaves nae mark o' his existence;
He hides his object 'neath a poopit craw,
An' vows, wi' tears, it is a heavenly ca'.
Man, but you're blin'! sae mind, whaure'er ye gang,
Whan parsons seek a change 'tis Mammon's
twang;
Ye maunna think that they care nocht for siller,
Ye might as weel expect a sooty miller."

Wi' this he aff, an', as hame-gaun, I pondered
On this sage sinner's modern parson standard.
I owned that he was richt ; for noo I kent
That preachin' had a great commercial bent ;
Proof 'gainst a higher steepen' few there be—
Vile is the preachin' based on L.S.D.
(But what could ye expect, his members stood,
A mean, hard, siller-grippin', selfish brood,
Wha liked the preachin' but disliked to give,
An' sae the minister could barely live.
I blame him na, for they were cash-blin' slaves,
Great, bulbous,] pinchbeck-Christian sax-day
knaves,
Luxuriatin' in the wealth they reapit,
But frae their teacher kent fu' weel to keep it.
Disgusted wi' their Christian warks sae strange,
He, like a man, resolved on ha'en a change,
Sae wha reads this, his act may freely pardon,
He preached to fouk wi' souls no worth a
farden.)

Nae wonder that the love o' show and dress
Is carried noo to sic a rank excess—
Whase evil influence a' else surpasses,
An' is the only thocht o' chiels an' lassies.
Nae wonder that puir fouk gae far astray,
An' ne'er look near a kirk on Sabbath-day—
The gross anomalies they hear an' see
Wither the seed that else wad blossoms gi'e,
An' gars them stamp baith high an' low alike
As a' belangin' to ae fause-made byke,
An' in the race for gowd are strivin' hard—
Parsons an' hearers a' wi' ae brush tarred.
'Tis this that rends oor dearest social ties,
'Tis this that gars the waves o' discord rise ;
'Tis thus that few glad tidings e'er disclose
To them wha in oor back slums aye repose ;
'Tis thus that Ignorance its hydra-head
Ungrappled rears, an' roams free, undismayed ;
'Tis thus oor sin-wild waifs are a' uncaught,
An' tamin' influences deftly taught ;

Thus, thus oor civilisin' is a sham—
We 've mair sin noo, than whan afore it cam' ;
Oor nation may be great in siller store,
But ah ! 'tis weak without the Christian core !

CULLODEN

Chant ye the deeds of Scotland's mountaineers !

WAN, wan shone the moon owre the moor o'
Culloden,
An' fitsfu' the gleams o' its ominous licht ;
Thro' dark clouds low drivin', dool-charged an'
forebodin',
Its pale streaks o' sorrow illumined the nicht.
A' tentless an' wearie,
Half-starvin' an' drearie,
The flower o' the clans lay the heather aroun' ;
Nae voice ringin' cheerie,
A' owrecome an' eerie,
An' chantin' their fate in a wraith-stricken
croon.

They lay, but they slept not, a' hushed in fell sorrow,
While o'er them the ghaists o' their forefathers
strode,

To weep for the sons wha wad wake not to-morrow,
Enwrapt in the fauld o' their loved Hielan' sod.

Welcome they'd gie them then,
Souls o' brave Hielan'men,
Triumphant for ever in life's course, tho' brief;
Nae mair the lanely glen
Echoes their shouts again—
Nae mair will they muster to follow their chief !

Why roun' their Prince Charlie are pale chieftains
groupin'?

Why whisperin' they?—an' why peerin' the
gloom?

Wheesht! see thro' the rent lifts the death-omens
loupin',

While weird moans the nicht-breeze a wailin' o'
doom,

Banishin' sleep away,
Pointin' to comin' day,
Ilk silently drees the death-throes o' their love ;
Yet, yet tried valour may
Omens an' vict'ry sway,
Come, mornin' ! then clansmen an' claymore shall
prove.

Strange whispers they hear as the midnight
departit,
Ilk claymore was grasped, an' ilk bold heart beat
high ;
Mair ling'rin' an' caulder the moonbeams a' dartit,
An' lichtit strange forms that careered in the sky,
Foretellin' o' ruin,
Red-handit pursuin'
Their Charlie—the last o' a fate-shivered race—
Their Hielan's undoin',
Death's poverty strewin',
But crownin' the laurels time ne'er will efface.

Start not ! haggard chiefs, 'tis the will o' the grey-wraith ;

Clasp ! clasp not your hands as its coronach raves ;

The voice that bodes dool, or a loved hero's death,
Rejoicin', shall welcome your glorious braves.

Arouse frae your bodin',

To-day is your Flodden ;

Ochone ! Caledonians shall strike their last blow.

For ever doontrodden,

In bluidy Culloden ;

List, Prince ! chieftains list ! to the wailin's o' woe.

Wae ! wae ! wae ! Drummossie !—

Wae ! wae ! chieftains hoary,

Wae ! wae ! clansmen gory.

Long years of tartaned might,

Soon, soon shall sink in night ;

Armies of mighty shades

Weep o'er your tartan plaids ;

Tears of compassion true
Fall in the silent dew ;
Wae ! wae ! wae ! Drummosie !

Wae ! wae ! wae ! Drummosie !
Back, back, thou rising sun !
See not this day begun,
See not this victory won,
Hear not the murd'rous gun ;
Swift as the lightning flash,
Southron on Gael will dash,
Mountains shall tremble then,
Sorrow shall fill each glen ;
Stricken the sapling young,
That from our soil hath sprung,
Hopelessly rent and shorn,
Ever from Scotland borne ;
Charlie ! Charlie ! ochone !
Blood crowns thy phantom throne ;

Chieftains ! chieftains ! ochone !
Weep, for your might is gone ;
Clansmen ! clansmen ! ochone !
Wail, for your home is lone ;
Wae ! wae ! wae ! Drummossie !

Wae ! wae ! wae ! Drummossie !
Hush, 'tis the mighty calls,
Deep from their sounding halls,
List as their echoes roll,
Breathing their grief of soul,
Welcome your glorious doom,
Welcome Drummossie tomb,
Bear valour for ever.
On ! on ! like a river,
Ay, welcome Culloden,
For ever red-sodden,
Time ever shall know then
Ye shunned not the foemen ;

Fighting, fall for your cause !
We will sound your applause,
Sons of the mountain mist,
In our halls ever blest ;
Wae ! wae ! wae ! Drummossie !

Wae's me ! owre Drummossie the cauld sleet was
blawin',
An' soundin' the sea on the wave-riven coast,
An' nearer an' nearer the foemen were drawin'
An' weepin' the sun for the clan-gathered
host.
Up ! up ! banish fears, see the Southrons advancin',
Up ! chieftains an' clansmen, to battle array,
See ! see o'er the heath their proud bayonets
glancin';
Fall in, Caledonians ! come, welcome the
fray ;
Heed not the cannon's roar,
On ! wi' the braid claymore.

Tho' wraiths bode our doom, or tho' none shall be
spared,

With our wild rush o' yore,
That oft victory bore,
Our slogans shall tell we are ne'er unprepared.

Far stretchin' the lines o' the redcoats unbroken,
Hae pity, O Heaven ! still nearer they come ;
Hark, pealin' afar sounds their fight-signal
token,
The heart-raisin' fife an' the grasp-nervin'
drum.

Wild, wild sounds the pipe for the onset re-
plyin',

Then terror-fraught slogans resounded afar,
The flash o' the fire-streams o' death a' defyin',
On ! on rushed the clansmen in madness o'
war ;
Dire rose their dyin' yell,
Mingled wi' boom o' hell,

Red stainin' the heather wi' bluid o' the brave,
Ringin' a fun'r'al knell,
Whaur they sae glorious fell,
Their last shout "For Charlie"—Drummossie their
grave.

Fate-doomed, heaven-blastit, an' vanquished wi'
numbers,
Few ran frae the field but in grief o' dismay ;
On stark stalwart heroes, in death's silent slum-
bers,
The settin' sun cuist a lang sorrowfu' ray.
Awa' to the mountains, their Charlie was flyin',
Like native deer dartin' frae foam-lippit
hound,
Lang rung red Drummosie, an' shouts o' the
dyin',
In ears o' the wand'r'er wha rest never found,
But like a spectre roved
'Mid the dark glens he loved,

Wi' freens tried an' leal, wha would never
betray.

Purest devotion proved
Hearts all by gowd unmoved :
The Hielan'man's honour e'en death couldna
sway.

Drummossie saw desolate maidens an' mithers,
Wi' tear-streamin' een walein' a' 'mang the slain,
An' cries o' love's anguish for faithers or brithers
Were heard as love's een wildly gazed on their
ain ;
Love's wail a' unanswerin', love's tears a' unheedin',
They lay in their tartans wi' claymores still
grasped ;
The het tears o' life noo, frae hearts broken,
bleedin',
Fell on the cauld face they sae fondly enclasped.

O 'twas a nicht o' wae,
Cuddlin' the ghastly clay,

Nae coronach streamin' a dirge for their
braves ;

An' by the dawn o' day
Love socht its lanely way,

But sang this fareweel owre their lane heather
graves—

Fareweel, Drummossie !

What say the win's in their sighin' ?

What tells the howl o' the blast ?

What say the clouds in their flyin' ?

What tells the wraith that has passed ?

A' tell nae mair they will waken,

A' tell that life noo is gane,

A' tell oor hame is forsaken,

A' tell oor licht soon shall wane !

Ochone, ye lie cauld an' gory,

Death noo imprints its dark seal :

Fareweel, but live ye in story,

Fareweel, Drummossie, fareweel !

Could ye come back to your shielin',
 Could we but clasp ye again,
Could ye your love be revealin',
 Could ye your valour retain,
Still we wad gie ye, tho' sairly,
 Freely death's sorrow we'd bear;
Hame! life I ay a', for oor Charlie,
 Gin but his croon he could wear.
Ochone, ye lie cauld an' gory,
 Time ne'er will life-hopes reveal:
Fareweel, but live ye in story,
 Fareweel, Drumossie, fareweel!

GLENCOE

“Murder most foul.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

HASTE thee awa' to Fort-William, MacIan,
Haste ! haste thee awa' ere the grace-day is past ;
Ken ye that sleuth-hounds your clansmen are
seekin' ?

Ken ye your coronach soun's on the blast ?

Aff ! to avert the wrath
O' your malignant foe ;*
Aff ! owre the mountain path,
Heed na the mountain snow.

MacIan ! MacIan ! dire is your fate !

Alaster ! Alaster ! tarry nor wait !

* Dalrymple of Stair.

Tighten your tartan plaids !
Buckle your trusty blades !
Gie, gie your submission an' baffle your foe,
An' save ye the clansmen o' rugged Glencoe.

Up the wild valley, an' owre the bleak mountain,
Fast sped they thro' dreary glens covered wi' snaw,
Tartan-wrapped clansmen a' dangers surmountin'—
Macdonalds aye follow their chieftain thro' a'.

Bent on no plunderin' raid
Or nicht-drivin' foray,
Loyalty's in their tread,
Peace! peace is their story.

Be in time ! Be in time ! chieftain greyhaired,
MacIan ! Alaster ! a' shall be spared.

Matrons an' maidens sweet
Proudly shall run to greet
The clansmen devoted who baffled the foe,
An' welcomes shall ring ower the peaks o'
Glencoe.

Had ye nae dreams owre your slumbers presidin' ?

Or had ye nae visions forbodin' o' doom ?

Had ye nae second-sight tale to confide in ?

Saw ye na the ghaists o' your forefathers loom,

 Warnin' wi' whisp'rin' forms,

 Low hoverin' aroun' ye,

 Telling in fiercest storms,

 Foe-dangers surroun' ye ?

Time is yours ! Time is yours ! MacIan speed

On to Fort-William an' sign ye the deed ;

 "Open the guarded gate,

 Mountaineers loyal wait ;

We come, the Macdonalds, and fealty show,

True vassals to William, as King o' Glencoe."

"Chief of the mountain braves ! clansmen most
 daring,

Tho' tempests are raving, oh linger nor tarry ;

Winged be thy footsteps, if loyalty swearing,

Fruitless thy message here, seek Inveraray.

There shall your oath be ta'en,
Chief of the stalwart mien,
Grace-time doth swiftly wane,
Weep, weep not, MacIan.

On thro' the forest path, heed not the blast,
Rest not till Cruachan far ye have passed ;
Speed ye by night and day,
Kings brook of no delay,
On ! dauntless Macdonalds, and baffle your foe,
Else sickles in winter shall reap in Glencoe."

Unwearied an' sleepless thro' pitiless storms,
Afar by Loch Etive, Glenorchy, Glenstrae,
Bravin' the wreathed snaws wi' shelterless forms,
Glencoe in each heart, an' hope lichtin' the
way,
Silently led their chief,
Tho' watchfu' an' wary,
Burnin' wi' bodin' grief,
Come ! come, Inveraray.

Onward, men ! yonder its snaw-happit towers,
Onward ! tho' hope-time no longer is ours,
 Happy they give the oath,
 Banishin' royal wroth.

Blaw, blaw, ye snaw tempests, let Scotia know,
MacJan Macdonald brings joy to Glencoe.

Sons of the mountain mist, hameward returnin',
Ben Cruachan's torrent-clouds rave noo in vain ;
Gleamin' eyes, dauntless hearts, native blasts
 scornin',

For chieftain an' clansmen are welcomed again

 Back to their mountain hame,

 Back to the lovin' breast.

Sound ! sound Macdonald's fame,

Deck ye his honoured crest.

Sing ! sing ! ye bards, in a swellin' refrain,

Cona ! sweet Cona ! join ye in their strain.

 Snowy peak, lonely glen,

 Welcome your sons again.

Youths ! aff to the corrie, bring doon the young
doe.

Let revels o' peace cheer the vale o' Glencoe.

Peace reigned in the valley, but flew from the seer,
Hill-whispers were soundin', weird forms crossed
his sicht.

Why starts the MacIan ? what visions appear ?
What spirits are starting from slumber the nicht ?

Like fa' o' the snowflake,
Or Cona's song sighin',
Saftly the voices break—
“ Beware o' Glenlyon ! ”

Macdonald ! Macdonald ! Beware ! Beware !
Thro' white mask o' friendship red danger doth
glare.

The hills are replyin'—
Sleep not ! watch Glenlyon !
Up ! up from your couch, see, in wintry sun's glow,
Glenlyon defiles thro' the pass o' Glencoe.

Glenlyon ! Come ye as a friend or a foe ?
Why seek ye Macdonald ? Why bring ye your
men ?
“Brave chief, by this hand that I freely bestow,
As friends to MacIan we come to thy glen.

Campbells are leal men here,
Macdonald’s friends ever ;
Alaster, doubt nor fear ;
Fause-hearted ! oh, never.”

Welcome, Glenlyon, let feuds be forgot,
Right welcome thy men to each clansman’s cot,
Purest of Cona’s cream *
Pour out in friendship’s stream ;
Give Highland cheer freedom ! Glenlyon must
know
E’en Campbells are welcome to gloomy Glencoe.

’Twas night, and the tempest blew furious an’ fast,
An’ deep fell the snaw in the slumberin’ vale ;

Usquebaugh.*

G

“ Cona ! sweet Cona ! sing ye to our grief ?
Cona ! sweet Cona ! bewail ye our chief ?

Pour out ye thy sorrow-song,
As wildly ye dash along ;
No more shall his voice be heard,
No more shall our hearts be stirred,
No more shall his daring hand
Lead on with resistless brand.

Cona ! sweet Cona ! deep, deep is our woe ;
Cona ! sweet Cona ! is this our Glencoe ?

“ Mountains ! loved mountains ! death o'er ye
careers ;
Mountains ! lone mountains ! your snows melt in
tears.

No more in the moonlight raid
They lightly shall o'er ye tread,
No more shall their slogan seek
Its echoes from peak to peak ;

Rush no more on the foemen
Shall MacIan's Glencoemen,
Cona ! sweet Cona ! our might is laid low ;
Cona ! sweet Cona ! can this be Glencoe ? ”

Shades of the mighty still linger in sorrow,
Bowed is each head in the dawn of each morrow ;
Over their silent graves
Vengeance no hand e'er craves ;
Our glen and dark ruins, time-stamped, with the
blow,
Shall tell that Macdonald's name lives with
Glencoe.

PATIE THE PLEADER

OR, THE LAWYER'S CONVERSION

MAIST fouk hae some events boun' wi' their lives,
That they look on wi' pleasure or wi' pain,
Their birth, their youthfu' days, their takin'
wives,
Their ups and doons, their luck in scrapin' gain.
The keen life-prickin' points, maist felt by a',
That gar fouk think, that bring the mental vow,
That mark a risin', or that seal a fa',
That gie to thochtless scaups a wisdom's pow,
Are meant for gude, an' frae them aft fouk trace
A turnin' point in life, whase red-ink date,
Stan's aye thro' years afore the conscious face,
An', ghost-like, points to ither former state.

Be mine to tell a tale, whase glorious truth
Did ae puir drucken mortal change indeed,
That haunts him yet, an' slokens aye the drouth,
That risin' to desire gets noo nae heed.
E'en yet his thochts will afttimes backward flee
To that dreich 'oor which oped his brief o' life,
An' made the doited coof his ainsel' see,
An' did far mair than years o' flytin' strife ;
Sae noo, 'mang a', he is gey weel respeckit,
For, fegs, they sae he's makin' siller fast.
To judge by weans an' wives sae lang negleckit,
Ye wadna think he had a' mis'ry's past.
Sae anxious clients, wi' mair anxious faces,
Gang to him noo in verdict-hope secure,
An' tell the ins an' oots o' a' their cases,
An' ne'er begrudge his classic three an' four.
Weel, to begin, this little local pleader,
O' seedy aspect, crooned wi' gizzened mou',
Bleth'rin' an' gabbie as an interceder,
Was strong in weakness aye o' gettin' fu'.

A day-court mousie, pickin' up stray nibbles
In that arena o' sma' legal cram,
A puir defin'er o' law's quirks and quibbles,
But, solus, great in judgin' o' a dram.
Twas gran' to see his acumen and actions,
His pseudo-solemn, awe-inspirin' air,
Wi' which he hacked some mystic blue-book
sections,
To mak' his ravelled rend'r'in' unco bare.
Frae oot o' lees or nonsense truth he'd wrench,
The kind o' truth that suits a lawyer's weason ;
Syne, smirkin' blandly, he'd address the bench,
Wha' unconvinced, wad send his freens to
prison.
'Twas a' the same to him, whate'er their fate,
He did his windy best, an' that was wee,
Forgettin' na to nail his sax an' eight,
Wi' which, come nicht, he'd hae anither spree.
Aweel, ae nicht, forgath'r'in' at the "Queen's"
Wi' twa three guzzlin' bodies like himsel',

To melt a fee, an' on some big-wig scenes
Or het forensic eloquence to dwell.
Sae in their weel-worn nook the tipplers sate,
Whase sparklin' een an' smackin' lips reveal,
Tho' lawyers sma', yet they were judges great
O' pure Glenlivet, kept by sonsy Shiel.
Thou great Glenlivet! drawn frae heath'ry
bowers,
Thou freen to wise men, but to fools a foe,
Thou maun be gude, when lawyers own thy
powers,
An' to thy conquerin' micht do slavish bow.
'Deed it was gude, to judge by waggin' tongues,
An' redd'nin' chafts, and ever thick'nin' speech.
Sae drank the three, till fu' maist to the bungs,
Sae blin', that nane their glasses mair could reach.
Noo cam that 'oor whan they maun to their feet,
An' hameward boun', maun heavy-headit thread
Their devious way, thro' mony a silent street,
An' crave support frae lamp-posts in their tread;

Or stoit'rin', stagg'rin', prove that streets, tho' wide,
Are owre contractit whan Scotch whisky steers
The heid, the han's, the trailin', fickle stride ;
The reekin' hiccup, an' the vacant leers,
Are but the vict'ries o' the king within,
Are but the symbols o' an owre fu' cup,
The keekin' glass, that shows owre much is *sin*,
That soul-charged man sat doon, but beast gat up.
Fareweel, noo, whisky freenship ! ilk maun stan'
Or in the gutter fa', wi nane to help.
The charm is gane, get hame as weel's ye can,
Ilk for himsel', to ward a blow or skelp.
Sae pairtet they, an' oor wee Patie then
Felt maist dumfoonert as he graiped alang,
He thocht it strange, that noo he didna ken
The guidin' lan'marks, that to him seemed wrang ;
Sune deein' recollection's dreamy goad,
Thro' whiskied mist gae reason ae last glint,
An' showed the sot was wrang for his abode,
An' that his weel-kent hoose he'd fairly tint.

Still stoit'rin' on wi' innate, true instinct,
He neared that hoose where he his laurels bore.
Thro' streets an' lanes, wi' notions half distinct
That he, at last, was richt for *his ain* door.
But ah! to best o' men, e'en lawyers too,
Unseemly things will come against the choice,
An' sae puir Patie, started, hiccupped, blew,
A' conscious o' a grip, an' freenly voice—
“Hey! (hic) gie owre! are ye a freen! your name!
Grip na sae hard! man, but your freenship's rough,
I'm but a lawyer! (hic) just tak' me hame,
I'se gie a bob, gin saxpence 's nae enough!”
“Ye drucken scoon'rel! fegs I'se tak' ye hame,
But keep your siller, troth ye'll need it a',
I'se tak' ye whaur ye hae a worthy claim
To be aye in, ye howkin' imp o' law.”
Rejoicin', an' resistless, on he gaed,
The wafflin' creatur' feelin' unco crouse
An' prood o' hae'n a freen wha noo him led
Straucht to the bliss an' comfort o' his house.

Oh horror ! what is this strange gaslicht gleam,
That ope's his een, that brings his reason's yells ?
It is a hoax, or else a whisky dream,
It is ! It is ! the entrance to the cells !—
His freen, an' mony mae that roun' him cling,
Are smileless giant men enrobed in blue.
“ Oh, dinna do 't, 'twad me dishonour bring,
I (hic) a lawyer, sae a help to you,
Hae pity on me ! Lat me see your chief,
He kens me weel ! I 'll mak' it richt the morn.”
‘Twas vain, the strong-baned chielis to a' were deaf,
Sae to a cell the girnin' soul was borne.
“ Oh, dinna do 't ! My standin' ye 'll efface,
Think on my wife an' weans a' waitin' me.
Just lat me oot ! I am a special case,
Oh, dinna, dinna turn that dreadit key ! ”
‘Twas dune, an' a' alone he then did think
Upon his plicht ; an' what kent fouk wad say,
But startit reason, sae owrecome, wi' drink,
Reposed again, an' slept its foe away.

Sae, minus hat, doon on the cauld cell floor,
He tumbled in a strange, illegal heap,
His sudden starts, his looks, the verbal snore
Showed that strange dreams careered thro' realms
o' sleep.

Noo a' afore him rose his past career,
An' in his ears rang some deep-soundin' bell,
Whase chidin' tollin' marked each glass o'
beer

An' whisky het, he took to make his hell.
There loomed queer forms wi' demoniac skill,
Transformed to clients ettilin' hard to choke
him,

A' gowlin' at him frae their dreich treadmill,
Or vowin' vengeance as they picked their oakum.
Some fatt'nin' on grey gossameric gruel,
Their teeth wad clench, an' threat'nin'y wad
raise

A baney fist, whase impact wad be cruel,
Gin gi'en to pay for unjust sixty days.

Some thro' the prison bars wad raise their hands,
Wi' caught that proved their soul-devouring rage.
They'd gowl an' girn, an' roar their fierce demands,
That nocht but Patie's bluid could e'er assuage.
An' some puir mithers reft frae weans and hame,
Wad thro' the peepholes glare their drink-shot een,
An' pour oot curses frae their tongues o' flame,
An' spit their anger on their legal freen.
An' owre this prisoned thrang a towsie chiel,
Wi' aspect fierce, did keep the hale in awe,
Whase cuttin' whip, fu' aft their backs did feel,
Whene'er the wark frae lazy han's wad fa'.
A watchfu' warder he, an' ne'er did lack
The looks which constitute a villain's guard ;
Sax feet and inches sax, and wholly black,
Shinin' like ebony o'er-rubbed wi' lard.
As up an' doon he strode, he afttimes passed
The inert, legal lump, that weel he scorned,
Till hate uprisin', dubious glances cast
On the vile worm his ebon soul sae spurned,

Till sheer contempt engarbed in knavish suit,
Could ne'er resist the charm to show itself.
Sae slower, nearer, higher, raised ae foot,
An' wi' a shout he kicked the dreamin' elf,
Wha only woke to hear a horrid yell,
That a' unstrung his nerves, and boun' his
ears,
Reverberatin' thro' the gloomy cell,
An' deein' awa in faintly muttered leers.
He rose ! he rubbed his een ! he gazed aroun',
An' by a prison share o' dawnin' licht,
He shiv'rin', peered, an' listened for a soun',
Syne turnin', speechless stood ! an' gaped wi'
fricht :
There stood a being in whase midnight head
Twa moonlike een in tempest anger rolled ;
A space-like mou' that owre his face half spread,
Wi' curves projectin' in a hideous fold ;
Nocht on his head but some close fittin' cowl,
That threw his features mair in bas-relief.

Wi' brawny arms upraised, he gae ae growl,
An' showed some teeth that could eat mair than
beef :
Doon on his knees the quiv'rin' Patie sunk,
Wi' han's clasped, wi' startin' e'en he stared,
An' gasped he oot, " O Sawtan ! I was drunk.
This aince forgie me, let my life be spared ;
Oh, dinna tak' me yet, ye ken that I
The chieffest am amang your chosen weans ;
Hae mercy on me ! dinna at me fly,
An' I'll do ocht your majesty ordains :
Just let me live !—I'll cheat ! I'll sin ! I'll
lee !
Oh ! oh ! haud aff ! great chief o' ilka evil,
I swear, I vow, that whisky I'll ne'er pree,
Gin ye forgie me ! Gude *paternal deevil* !
I'll stick to business ! real, legitimate !
Just fix for me your wish ! but grant me life.
I pray to you, hae pity on my state—
Hae pity ! oh, my wife ! my weans ! my wife !

Collapsed wi' fear, an' dread o' bein' mangled,
Cauld sweat draps fell frae ilka openin' pore,
While frae his scaup the fear-struck hair richt-
angled,
Movin', proclaimed the agony he bore ;—
Owrecome, he moved na' frae his pendin' doom,
He watched, oh joy ! His Highness glide awa',
An' mutt'rin', as he vanished in the gloom,
A curious nicher, an' a Yah ! Yah ! Yah !—
Slow dawnd the daylight, an' still slower
filled
The frowsy cell wi' beams o' joy unblest,
As cam' the licht, sae risin' Hope instilled
A safety's feelin' in puir Patie's breast,
Wha shiverin', slowly rose, an' felt that he
Was still a being o' the *homo* kind ;
Wi' han' on forehead, thinkin' wistfully,
He sair reca'd the awfu' scene to mind,
That vivid loomed upon his mental disc,
An' hung tenaciously to mem'ry's fringe,

Noo thankfu' that he had escaped the risk
O' tastin' Sawtan's horrid primal singe ;—
He rubbed his han's, an' bauldly tried to reason
The strange phenomena on legal views.
That Sawtan an' his clients should be in prison,
Was but a phantasy, a whisky ruse,—
Tremblin', an' slow, he gazed aroun' the cell,
An' startin', saw an uncouth, winkin' figure,—
He's there ! He's there ! The Deil ! The King
o' H-ll !
Confound it ! No ! *'Twas but a half-drunk
nigger.*

POSTSCRIPT.

Majestic S——y cam, an' freenship gae
What justice wadna dune at twal' that day ;
Wi' sair repentin' vows, wi' mony a blessin'
Saft Patie swore, he'd ne'er forget the lesson.

Sae was the end, but yet 'twas his beginnin',
O' a new life devoid o' whisky sinnin'.
Sae guzzlin' bodies mind, whan drinkin' deep,
Some deil, or nigger, may disturb your sleep !

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS TO POESY

THOU Poesy, sweet lass o' lasses,
Whase 'lurin' charm a' charms surpasses,
Thou temptin', luscious hizzie dear,
Accept my wish—A Guid New Year.
Thou kens I'm but an antrin' chiel,
An' scarce hae shown thee 'prentice zeal ;
But, o'd, thou's been sae sweetly kind,
An' tae my towsie trifles blind,
That maist I blush tae think I've never
Acknowledged yet the bonnie giver
O' a' the moments I've enjoyed,
Bliss-burstin', joyous, unalloyed.
A short twa years we've kenned ilk ither,
An' aft ha'en stolen trysts thegither ;

We've ne'er cuist oot, nor had we quarrels,
Nor ha'e we tarnished oor love laurels ;
But we ha'e wooed, like fouk o' sense,
Whaur love's hues shine thro' virtue's lens.

Aweel, this year is maist awa,
Its last chap seems a startin' ca',
That wakes me to the wishin' duty,—
First then—My Jean ! next—Thou ! my beauty !
(You're baith aboot a twin-like pair,
In a' that mak's a lassie rare,
In love, affection, sense, an' worth,
You're ill to match ! Gang search the earth).

Noo kiss I Jean,—to thee, I vow
To loe ye aye as weel as now.
Come then, this is the festive season,
Ocht but guid freenship wad be treason.

Gie me that tap'rin' han' o' thine !
I swear I'm yours ! say, are ye mine ?
Nae blushin' noo ! haud up thy heid !
Thy swith'rin' gi'es me pain indeed.

Weel dune, coy dame ! noo, noo shall I
Gar lyric shuttles swiftly fly,
An' wi' a hamespun Doric thread
I 'll weave a dedication screed :

Wi' bannet aff, an' bowin' low,
Wi' cheeks red-het wi' blusheen's glow,
I, like a timid lover, come
Wi' flow'rets culled frae fireside home.
Accept, oh sweet, my rude-strung posie,
An' lat them deck thy virgin bosie ;
Rough beauties they in modest hues,
Nae spreadin' essence they diffuse.
Yet, spurn them not, they've been my care,
My heart wi' them is also there.
I am denied the breathin' woods,
The mur'm'rin' rills, the dashin' floods,
The tow'rin' mountains capped wi' snaw,
The madden'd tempest's hoarse-sung blaw,

The beetlin' crags, the heath'ry fells,
The lonely glens, the fairy dells,
The ruin-mould'rin' piles o' yore,
The hoary haunts o' spirit lore,
The varied garbs o' Nature's dress,
The gems that stud its loveliness.
These, these, I lo'e, but weel thou know'st,
Mine they are nae ; I canna boast
O' wooin' Nature as her child,
An' thrummin' wood notes, artless, wild.
Thou know'st, thou know'st my Fancy's base,
The drumlie well-spring o' my lays.
Thou know'st I toil frae morn to nicht,
Whaur Science swarfs poetic flicht,
Whaur I hae varied steam-made clamors,
An' melodies o' rivet hammers,
An' roarin' blasts o' Titan pow'rs,
An' furnace coruscatin' showers,
An' thuds o' force subdued to will,
An' fleein' wheel-made music shrill,

An' a' the sangs that Science gives,
On which my second nature lives,
An' gar my soul loup wi' delicht
To see the emblems o' man's micht
Raise up their iron crowns which tell
That Labor's triumphs a' excel!—
Oh, I exult! the man to mark,
Wi' naething clad but breeks an' sark,
Wi' grimy face, an' han's o' skill,
Fash'nin' the monsters to his will;
His smilin' face wi' vict'ry glows,
While diamond sweat-draps deck his brows.
A man he stands in ilka part,
A nobleman in Labor's art.
Kings may be kings in wealth an' pride,
Plebeians they whan sic beside:
He is the Poetry o' life,
An' toils for what? his weans an' wife!
Whase comfort gilds his honest cash,
An' gars him nobly bear life's fash,

An' gi'es his soul the stamp divine,
That gowd-born coofs ne'er had to tine,
Whase unearned wealth, by toil unstamped,
Maks sma' soul natures mair be-cramped ;
Wha live, but ah, they never ken
The toil-won bliss o' toilin' men.
(Fouk may hae wealth-bocht comforts plenty,
But what o' that, gin they are scant aye
O' real soul, the glorious source,
That decks the ootcome o' the purse ?)
Thae are my scenes, frae sic I draw
Nae gowden inspiration's blaw ;
Nae saft, Parnassic cantrip tricks
Dwell in my vista o' broon bricks.
Bricks to the north ! Bricks to the south !
Bricks to the west ! but east forsooth
I hae the sea, an' mark its roll,
Bethankit ! aft it 'lumes my soul.
Nocht gilds Imagination's spires,
Nocht feeds the life o' my desires ;

My off'rin's, then, are but dream-paintin',
I fear they're hardly worth presentin'.
Pray tak ye them, an' ne'er reprove
The simple index o' my love.
For were the regal rural mine,
The ootcome then wad e'en be thine;
Sae wi' love's e'e, an' conscience clear,
Thou joy! I say, "A Guid New Year."

*VICTORIOUS**

To her a stranger would, with Friendship's tongue,
Pour out his sorrow for a Child of Song.

WHAN puir fouk, a' forgotten, crouched within the
fireless ha'—
Whan richer fellow-mortals, snug, defied ilk wintry
blaw—
Whan nakit trees, a' widowed, heard the robin's
sorrow-sang—
Whan dowie Natur' closed her e'e, an' bore the
bitter pang—

* Written on reading the account of Janet Hamilton's funeral
in the *Glasgow Herald*.

I in a kirkyard wandered, at the time o' gloamin'
grey,
An' marked the silent snaw-clad mounds that
happ'd the silent clay.
Some wee anes tell't o' lammies sweet, cauld
cradled in the ground,
Wi' winter's robe o' innocence their little hames
around ;
They brocht the sicht o' mither's tears, and some
bit fireside lane,
An' twa fond hearts enshroudit noo, wi' sorrow
for their wean.
While ithers shadowed forth the tale o' life's
maturer years—
That goaded Fancy's dreamin's as they pierced
their silent spheres.
I pondered on the loves an' joys an' sorrows that
they bore—
For they on earth had lived, an' sailed the char-
tered voyage o'er—

I thocht upon their burnin' hopes, their strugglin's,
an' their fears,
Their fecht for gowd, their downcast hearts, an'
baulked Ambition's tears ;
I thocht upon the glories that they dreamt were
roun' them shed,
An' maist I saw their stricken looks whan Death
his dart had sped.
Noo here they lay oblivious a' to ilka changin'
scene,
Their names an' mem'ries swept awa', as gin they
ne'er had been ;
Their worth or virtues, whaur are they ? alas ! hoo
few can tell's !
I feared their guid dune in the flesh lay buried wi'
themsel's.
I wondered tae, gin a' their souls were noo
enslaved or free—
Gin doon in Sawtan's grimy cells, or up to
purity—

There surely, surely wad be ane o' a' this mould'rin'
 thrang
Enjoyin' noo eternal bliss the angel host
 amang.
Sae, as I scanned ilk snawy spot, I heard some
 clinkin' tones,
That struck me a' wi' terror as the crumblin' o'
 their bones.
I, shiv'rin', gazed aroun', an' crouched ahint the
 nearest stane,
An' saw a female figure stalk atour thae mounds
 alane ;
Enrobed in black frae heid to foot, fu' nervously
 she trod,
An', stooping laigh, she groaned aloud aboon ae
 last abode.
I marked her weel as thus she stood, an' saw a
 matron douce,
Stately an' dignified in mien, wi' flowing garment
 loose ;

Aroun' her broo a circlet shone, an' boun' her silv'ry
hair,
That ower her shouthers streamin' fell in wavin'
masses rare;
Wild sorrow lichtit up her e'e, an' as she gazed fu'
low,
I saw a bonnie, sonsy face illumed wi' mair than
woe.
'Twas grief's fell madness frae a heart maist
burstin' wi' despair,
As gin Love's bonds were rudely snapt an' plunged
in anguish sair;
An' as she raised her heid to Heaven, I saw she
bore a name,
Graven in characters that loomed ilk wi' a lurid
flame;
Upon the lowin' circlet these, cut wi' nae mortal
hand,
My strainin' e'en deciphered then that sacred
word—"SCOTLAND."

Doon on her knees she gaed, an' clasped her han's
in mute despair :
Then, madly scatt'rin' wide the snaw, until the
grass was bare,
She kissed the earth ; then burst a cry, that gae
my heart a twang,
Syne, in a wildly wailin' strain, she poured this
erie sang—

“SHE'S AWA'.”

“She's awa'! she's awa'! she is doon in the
grun',
An' this cauld, clammy earth is her bed ;
She's awa'! she's awa'! yet tae her I am boun',
Tho' her warblin's for ever are fled.
For ever ! Na, na ! they will live while the win'
Soughs ower thae wee heaps a' in pain ;
Noo, noo will she ken o' my sorrow within
For the lassie I claim as my ain.

Mune awa'! mune awa'! shine wi' grief on this
spot,

Noo nae mair your saft rays she will love;

Stars awa'! stars awa'! a' your joys are forgot—

Ye may greet as ye wander above;

Birdies sing! birdies sing! your wee chants ower
her grave

Hoo she loved ye wi' Liberty's fire;

Flow'rets grow! flow'rets grow! greet your wae
like the lave,

A' your smiles she but lived to admire.

"Bairnies a'! bairnies a'! she is singin' to ye

Aye her soul-gems that garnish my shrine;

Ever yours! ever yours! still in melody's glee—

Ne'er forget her gin ye wad be mine.

Why greet I! why greet I! she is liltin' above—

Wheesht! I hear noo her sweet ringin' ca'.

Mither's joy! mither's joy! gowden dochter o'
love!

Sing thou on! ne'er thy laurels shall fa'!"

Sae endit she this threnody; then suddenly she
fell,
An' motionless lay on the grun,' as gin boun' wi'
grief's spell.
I hurried ower to raise her heid, but nocht I saw
ava'
But sundry lowin' footprints bricht that sunk na in
the snaw;
The mune peered oot atour a cloud, like some
calm, mockin' e'e,
The low win', 'mang the tombstanes, soughed a
weirdlike melody.
Dumfoonert wi' the unco sicht, I socht my hame-
ward way,
O'erjoyed that ane still lives in words that knoweth
no decay—
O'erjoyed that noo she sings abune, whaur angels
hae abode—
O'erjoyed that Scotland's tears bedew her ever-
hallowed sod.

ONE MIDNIGHT

I SAW a blackened, smoky, cloudy plain,
Boundless and vast, a lurid seething main
Of flaming space, therein, with bronze-like lustre
Weird demon forms careered, a goodly muster ;
I saw that each, with fierce and eager zest,
Untiringly obeyed their chief's behest,
Who from his burnished throne with pleasure
viewed
His own inheritors, that circling stood
In abject terror of their earnéd doom,—
The dark eternity of hell's vile womb ;
Ay, stood they there, in countless, serried rows,
For ever lost, to earth-thought death-repose ;

Their flesh-done deeds rehearsed, their guilt pronounced,

Swift, swift, a demon on the victim pounced,
And bore him off, thro' clouds, whose fiery glow
Obscured the cells of everlasting woe.

I many saw, who once had titled names,
Borne, yelling, off to where rose hottest flames,
And many that I knew whose life on earth
Was but the foetus of this second birth ;
Now knew they that a life of self-deceit
Sure earns, in hell, its punishment most meet ;
I saw them borne away, and fast enchain'd,
Till but a few of what was vast remained ;
My eager eyes them scanned and searched for
one

Most dear to me, and dearer still, tho' gone
From earth ; her life was hope and life to come,
She is not here ! Where is her hope-lit home ?
Tell me, tormentors ? if aught else ye know,
Where is that land to which the blessed go ?

Where is that cloudless realm, that tranquil shore
In which the stainless revel evermore ?
Ye answer not, ah, no ; too well ye feel
As others lost to an eternal weal ;—
Why haunt my gloomy soul ye mocking deils ?
Why goad the earth-pain that it truly feels ?
Far o'er my brain's dark cloudy atmosphere
In horrid moods and forms ye all appear
And hideous revels hold : come ye to mock
A riven spirit wrecked on sorrow's rock
And face to face with death ? Oh, such a death !
Her life was love, and love was her last breath ;
Lone, lovely, cold, her angel form is dead.
'Tis better far, with angels she doth tread,
And I must live alone, and living bear
A heart with her loved image graven there.
Away, ye lurid fiends ! ye smiling tell,
No hope in life makes life an earthly hell—
That love is hope ; life's blessed two in one,
And cursed is life when both from life are gone,—

Say are these truths, your hell-clad piercing darts,
Forged by your demon chief for mankind's hearts ?
Ye wield them well, they in the fated centre,
Unerring, quivering hang, hope ne'er can enter,
Where once, forsooth, her light resplendent shone,
And bade me live, and live for her alone ;
Far, ringing deep, lo ! in my 'stonied ears,
Your joy-shouts peal, I mark your hellish leers,
As ye defile in shadowy array
O'er the bleak vista's misty trackless way ;
(That shrouded desert where thought's keen eyes
roll,
That *reflex something*, corporate with soul)—
Speak ! speak ! oh, speak, say whither do ye
go ?
Life-blighting host, ye feast on human woe ;
Those fingers luminous, but faint respond,
And point thro' darkness to some dread beyond ;
I scan that scene of scenes, where, rolling red,
Clouds interlocked with clouds are densely spread ;

No dawn tinge there, no hope-renewing light,
Tenebrious gloom of life's eternal night
Sublime and terrible ; is this the home
Thro' which those devils ever ranging roam ?—
Be closed, O eyes ! lo, what a blinding stream
Of shivering lightning shoots with vivid gleam ;
Again, again, see, lightning rivers run
In majesty of speed ; now are begun
Thunders, co-mingled with each rending flash,
Out-thundering thunder in each dreadful crash ;
What conflict dire ! e'en devils crouching bow
Their vile forms, crawling, humbled, abject, low ;
Nor flout they now, nor mock with vap'ry breath
My surcharged life, o'ersorrowed with her death ;—
Rage, elemental war ! your anger pour,
Rend ye those cloudy barriers which obscure
The blest antithesis to fiends, that be
In scowling terror of the mighty He ;
Flash on ! roll on ! let darkness ever melt
And vanish, ere the lash of light is felt.

Back, fiends, to your grimy, thermal cells,
There grin enthralled, and raise your demon
yells!

Fainter each flash, each roll low sounds afar.
Lo ; thro' cloud remnants shone one single star,
One quivering gem of hope, deep set in blue,
That o'er the brightening vista pale rays threw.
Rise, golden star ! the gloom of night dispel !
Shine, mighty star ! that great Beyond foretell ;
On ! on ! expanding, widening as it sped,
In gorgeous calm, it nearer, clearer, spread ;
Space-filling, sudden, one great wave of light
Came rushing on, and burst the pall of night.
Then fiends vanished with an eldritch wail,
As light divine obscured their slimy trail ;
All lay in purity, and, radiant, shone,
While far on high loomed forth a dazzling
throne,

Engirt with forms celestial ; seated there
A Being of Light, most wonderfully fair,

Seraphic calm, sweet, brooding o'er his face,
Enrobed his smile in Majesty of grace ;
There nearer stood, in midst of myriad host,
She that was dead, my love, my hope, my boast,
Thrice lovelier she seemed ; what bliss ! what
gain !

As kindred beings welcomed her again,
In circling symphonies of melting song,
That countless thousands ever on prolong,
From peak to peak of burnished sunlit hills,
The angel-echoes leapt in murmuring trills ;
Then angel hands a crown laid on her brow.
Excess of beauty ! angelic ever thou !
She still is mine, as she has ever been,
I'll speak to her again, " O Jean ! my Jean !
Come once again to my impassioned grasp,
Thy encrowned angel-form let me enclasp ! "
Good heavens ! I start, my beating heart be
still !
Her voice is heard, " *What are you doing, Will ?*"

I wake! I rub my eyes! I scratch my head!
Most strange! my Jean and I are snug in bed,
I ne'er had been to regions lower nor upper,
But had a nightmare thro' a salmon supper!

PARNASSIAN REFLECTIONS

I CLAIM nae heavenly edict for my Muse,
I hae nae special gift to paint in hues
Celestial, earth's fairest traceries
In delicate poetic imageries.
Na, na, she didna row me in her plaid,
An' up amang the gods hae me conveyed,
That I might warble forth like chosen weans,
An' masterpieces hew frae streams or stanes ;
Or sing some cobwebbed mythologic story
To croon my country's fame wi' lowin' glory ;
Or daub some kings wi' mair than regal worth,
Or pour laudations whaur rank weeds hae birth :
I wield nae giant pen wi' eagle flicht,
Whase markin's deep will stan' till Time's last nicht,

An' on whose catafalque will shine as chief
O' mankind's strokes, in brilliant bas-relief.
Thae no are mine, nor yet are sic my aim,
A fireside lilt is a' that I can claim.
My fireside pleasure, efter daily toil,
Is—Mak a sang an' gie life's pivots oil.
I strike nae gowden lyre wi' dreamy twang,
I 'm prood whan I thrum aff a hameowre sang,
Clad in braid Scots, that same I ne'er hae tint,
But feel that still there 's sterlin' music in 't.
Sic music that kept ringin' in my ears
Thro' a' the varied scenes o' changin' years,
Auld Scotland's tales, her hills, her glens, her braes,
Seared the impression time will ne'er erase.
At hame, afar, 'mid wand'rin's not a few,
Her auld vernacular still dearer grew,
Wat'rin' the seed, that tim'rous upward sprung,
Burst its wee buds, an' soil-like blossoms flung,
O' sang geometry, an' classic tools,
I 'm ignorant, e'en kenna yet the rules ;



Spondees, dactyls, an' ither famous gaugin'
For measurin' rhyme, are but what coofs engage in ;
I'm boun' wi' nae hard-spun, unyieldin' tether,
Sae mine untrammelled loup as rough's oor heather;
I hae nae patrons for my purse or pen,
Sae gang wi' head erect 'mang ither men,
In toil-won independence, free to think,
An' treatin' wi' contempt smooth Flatt'ry's ink :
I fearna then the scoutherin' critic's scan,
The blightin' e'e, the with'rin' red-ink ban :
I winna fret like some puir sang-blin' minions,
Because a neebor hauds diverse opinions.
Na, na, my sangs, like holy water still,
Gin gude they do na, why, they do nae ill :
Then be my Muse in hameowre to rehearse
My ain experiences an' thochts in verse,
For thro' the warl' I've gane wi' open e'en,
An' focht its fecht, an' felt the tender scene,
An' cow'red beneath the poetry o' want,
Whase burnin' epics scarce me life did grant.

Noo wi' some infant pow'r that lang was hid
I pour the ootcome as my Muses bid.
They're no immortal, sae are sure to dee,
But what o' that, 'tis then unkent to me,
Unless what sages say is unco true,
That spirits live an' watch what men aye do.
Sae as a spirit yet I'll aiblins ken
The value o' my sangs 'mang future men ;
Whate'er their fate, to me, I count them treasures,
An' neist to Jean, the source o' warldly pleasures ;
Content I'll be to hae my humble name
Chalked on the doorstep o' the ha's o' Fame,
That laurelled giants may on ent'rin' in
Note that a pigmy glaumed at bein' within,
Whase only merit was to pass the time
O' fireside 'oors, in makin' Scotch words chime.
His Jean ! weans ! hame ! his real Castalian drink,
That made them skelpin' come an' clatt'rin' clink ;
His hame Pegasus, held wi' straw-raip reins,
Aye jogged aricht an' kept his name frae stains,

An' ne'er wad swerve frae life's straucht moral
roads,
To gie the rider life's uneasy loads ;
Thus on he gaed without a spur or whip,
An' grasped at Natur' wi' a steady grip,
His ae ambition, based on manhood's claim,—
To thrum the chords that mak a happy hame.

BUSINESS PHILOSOPHY

TO A YOUNG MAN ON GOING INTO BUSINESS

•

IF you should err in business, 'tis that you
Too honest are, for rogues, suave, sly, untrue,
Whase life-stamped aim is to increase their pelf,
An' goad Ambition wi' the spur o' Self ;
Whase angled looks an' mystic smiles are snares
To fête the dupe, or flout the wight wha dares
To say them Na ! you a' their schemes oppose
An' ever life's most noble path propose.
Mind, deem your honest little truly great,
An' live content on its attendant state,
Nor seek to rise by cheatin' kindred man,
Aye scorn your limpid conscience to trepan,

Be yours to live, aye, die, bereft o' freens,
Than earn a penny by unmanly means.
Forget na, wealth frae honesty's pure stream,
Maks sweat-drops doubly dear, an' man supreme :
You honest are ! God grant you 'll aye be so,
Wealth charms a' charmless are whane'er you bow
To thank a business pirate, wha wi' smiles
Wad hang your conscience in his glitt'rin' toils,
Syne chuckle o'er your shivered honesty,
An' mourn your loss wi' public travesty ;—
They are the men (frae wham spring business ills),
Wha scant o' cash live aff renewin' bills.
Avoid their arts, an' o' this fact be sure,
Wha want renewals are maist insecure;
Owretradin' is accommodation's mither,
Accommodation is bankruptcy's brither.
Oh puir is he indeed wha wad betray
His manhood's laurelled trust, an' wha wad play
The game o' principle, 'gainst heavier purse,
The stake,—mair gowd ! wi' its untauld remorse,—

Against a glorious count'nce, which foretells
The glorious peace, that a' internal dwells :—
Wha wad be prood to earn a rogue's acclaim,
Or hae his wind-praise clingin' to his name ?
Deceived is he wham cheats delight to use,
Tho' gowd-washed Freenship spreads his worth
profuse ;
The dear-bought worth, the bauble o' the hour,
Your honour sold, to prop their transient power,
A hollow power, that a' too sure decays,
Whase fated doonfa' awfu' truths portrays.
Then comes exposure's unexpeckit train,
In unmasked batch o' rogues, whase thirst o'
gain
E'en in the wreck maks capital o' woes,
An' spurns their victims wham they noo expose :—
Be yours to live proof 'gainst a' gildit baits ;
Unsullied honour, business best creates ;
Heed nae ane's ridicule, or envy's sneers,
An' mak nae freenships whaur deceit appears.

Ne'er stoop to those whase duplex life betrays,
A grapsin' honesty wi' sordid base ;
Their gains ill-gotten, scraped wi' fause pretence,
Gie ootward show at inward peace expense.
Deal na wi' sic, but treat them wi' contempt,
They, mankind's barnacles, o' soul exempt,
Their froth opprobium, you'll find ne'er serves
To stem success, whan rectitude unswerves.
Most precious be to you, the glorious facts,
That you hae spurned a' grov'lin' tricksters' acts ;
That ne'er, in business, you lent ready ear,
Wi' yuckie palm, to store unearnéd gear :—
The guid opinion o' the honest few
Is worthier far, than a' sham men can do.
Wi' this be weel content, seek ye nae mair,
Then happiness is your's, uncloudit, fair ;
Life-battlin' will show you, that men can be
Dissemblers vile, whan blin' to honesty ;
You'll find it true, as mankind's acts you scan,
A business rogue ne'er met an honest man.

THE BROON BAWBEE

THE sicht is unco sair, I ween, as some fouk truly
know,
Hoo inward poverty is aft akin to ootward show ;
I've often marked some gentle-fouk enrobed in
siller blaze,
Whase actions antithetical contempt an' scorn wad
raise.
'Mid nicht o' dress, an' gaudy show, an' flunkied-
bustle strife,
An' a' the ostentation o' a siller-daubit life,
It seems to touch their only chord gin siller they
should gie,
An' jewelled fingers aft grip weel to the Broon
Bawbee.

Gin Charity should loodly speak, it's strange hoo
they are deaf,
An' messengers o' mercy aft frae them get sma'
relief;
They tremblin' wait her ladyship, an' beggin' pains
endure,
An' wi' a blushin' face syne leave wi'—naething for
the puir.
But should it be for dresses, balls, or revels o' a nicht,
You see their gowd-chairged purses then nae mair
are lockit ticht ;
That they are lib'ral-heartit then, their satellites
agree,
But little ken they that for gude they'll spen'—a
Broon Bawbee.

I 've seen them drivin' to the kirk wi' footman or
wi' page,
Reclinin' in their blazoned robes wi' pouthered
faces sage,

While bashfu' elders at the door obsequious homage
gae,
Syne handit to their cushioned seats thaе Christians
o' a day.
The sermon dune, the plate gaed roon' to get the
lab'rer's hire,
Whan big-wamed purses locked wi' hearts, made
only to admire,
Were slowly drawn frae pocket neuks wi' movement
ocht but free,
Then white-gloved tap'rin' fingers drapt—just a
Broon Bawbee.

They say that faith and kindred warks should ever
be combined,
Sae faith without the wark maun be the fause-face
o' mankind ;
The spurious-heartit actin', that insures their doom
at death,

Then ken they, whan it is owre late, they wrocht
na for their faith.

Awa' wi' a' thae glitt'rin' shams, an' shell-displays
o' pride,

Their pouch may stan' the test, but oh, their hearts
it wadna bide;

The rich—blin' denizens o' earth, are puirest whan
they dee—

Their maximum o' soul is seen in the Broon
Bawbee

Be blin', ye heavenly powers abune! to thae hell-
earnin' feats,

Proclaim thro' your celestial hame that noo the
deevil greets

To see his favoured weans insult their faither's
kingly worth,

Wi' actions laigh that wad disgrace the meanest o'
the earth.

Sae tell it na, for true it is, that those wha hae the
maist
O' ootward fuss an' Fortune's smiles aye aften gie
the least
To help a noble cause, that they might future
gainers be;
Their worthless life, sel'-valued, is just a Broon
Bawbee.

THE MODERN STAGE

IN TWA ACTS



ACT I

AE nicht, no lang sin' syne, my wife began
A philosophic lecture upon man
(I mean the married anes), an' what they should
Be doin' to keep wives in cheerfu' mood ;
An', waefu'-like, she hit me wi' the contrast
O' ither wives wha ne'er were keepit hoose-fast,
Like what she was, and said (as wives maintain)
She'd ne'er a meenit she could ca' her ain.
I just cam in at nicht, and sat me doon,
An' never speired gin she'd gang to the toon,

To hear this concert, or that "famous" play,
That some enjoyment micht her toil repay.
"Indeed," says she, "You're no like ither men,
But happy only wi' your pipe an' pen!"
Whan I heard that, the whiskin' thocht revolved
Quick thro' my scaup; an' sae I sat, resolved
That I wad tak her to the Theatre-Royal
To lat her see I lovin' was an' loyal.
It was a happy thocht, gey sune fulfilled,
For ilka street neuk was just then weel billed,
Informin' a' that, straucht frae Lunnon, comin'
Some actors were, led by a wee bit woman,
Whase lithographic face ilk bill adorned—
Weel-faured on them, an' naeways to be scorned.
They were to play some comedies and dramas
That on the Continent are reckoned "famous"
(At least the posters had this word in letters
Lang, large, an' red, like links o' felon fetters):
This was the thing; an' noo the wife wad see
Like ither married men *her man* could be.

Aweel, ae nicht, keen for the theatre ploy,
I hame, determined actin' to enjoy.
An' sma' persuasion did it need frae me
To gar her don her oot-gaun toggery ;
Sae aff we set, an' hurried doon the street—
For be-in-time aft gets the roomy seat.
'Twas sae wi' us ; an', ere the play began,
The ither comers I had time to scan.
Aboon, the Gallery—an' sic a sicht !
Wee lads and lassies sat in great delicht :
Below, the Pit—a mass o' eager faces
Securely sat in a' their deal-board places.
Here was a mither wi' her ten-month bairn—
The wee thing's bedtime she had yet to learn :
Here servan' lasses, wi' their smirkin' joes,
Sat makin' love until the curtain rose ;
An' grey-haired carles sat fidgin', unco fain,
As gin mair smedium they wad noo regain.
While in the Boxes sat a fashioned throng :
The leddies bare-powered were, baith auld an' young,

Wi' large bane-kaims an' trinkets on their heids,
An' ower their shouthers variegated plaids ;
White-gloved, an', daintily, in nervous han',
Some held, in strings, a sma' contractit fan.
There sat some dames, gey wizzened-like wi'
age,
Whaur paint an' Nature did a conflict wage ;
Some younger anes, gey weel-faured, hafflin'
lassies,
Were squintin' at the chiels thro' opera glasses.
An' becked an' bowed their pyramidal heids,
Kittlin' their fancies wi' prospective deeds ;
While the gudemen (like me, under sweet force)
Just watched their movements as a thing of
course,
An' seemed as stoics, wi' a vacant look—
Puir nose-led coofs whan woman baits the hook.
Noo cam the band (oh, shade of real music !
Nae mair gae me a dose of theatre physic).

Their puir attempt, opposed to music laws,
Received frae Gall'ry critics lood applause.
They plugged their win', an' drew their elbucks in ;
For noo the "Famous Play" was to begin.

End of Act I.

ACT II—THE PLAY

Shades of Macready, Siddons, Kemble, Kean,
Rejoice, for none like laurels e'er shall gain.

THE paint-daubed curtain slowly rose ; an' then
Cam in a lassie an' twa plain-dressed men.
In speldin' words an' jerky gestures they
Began a tale aboot their mistress gay,
Wha owned the hoose, an' wha was deep in love
Wi' some scamp-gambler, as they a' could prove.
Syne cam that necessary personage
(That plays maun hae afore they suit the stage)—

The uncle. Young was he, tho' shammin' auld,
An' wore a grey weeg, wi' the croon ower bald—
A stoit'rin', bletherin' bodie, wha began
His empty pairt aboot the ways o' man,
An' hoo that he was naebody ava',
But just the fun-post o' them, ane an' a'.
To tell ye a' they said wad be a crime—
A doonricht insult to my pen an' time ;
Sae, philanthropic-like, I'll cut it short,
Gey sure that ither fouk will thank me for 't.
This "famous" play, in four-act sub-division,
Micht weel hae been condensed, wi' just excision,
Into ae sentence—for it had nae base
Whaur ordinar' intellects some plot wad raise.
I needna dwell on a' the sma'-beer acts,
But just confine mysel' to glarin' facts.
That this play "famous" was, for nonsense pure,
An' miserable, trashy words obscure,
Was truth indeed—for, fegs, in its best feature,
It equalled a' that is repelled by Nature.

Before us twa-three chiel's, gey busy fuddlin',
Were either roarin', or wi' lassies cuddlin';
Their leery sentences were poured to prove
That drink an' women were the things to love.
In cam the Gambler stoit'rin', bleth'rin', ravin'
That he himsel' some day wad be behavin';
While the bit lass (the leading spirit mind)
Looked to the roof, an' vowed she was resigned
To him alone—he stood the only ane
To mak her life a scene o' joy or pain;
Wi' this he kneeled, an' swore her love eternal,
Syne hugged her close, an' kisses passed supernal.
But the slee rogue, weel up to ev'ry move,
Some trinkets prigged frae her he cam to love,
An' aff the proceeds sune gat greetin' fou'—
Cam back, sham drunk, an' poured his love anew;
She, wi' mock madness risin' in her breast,
Spurned frae her noo the chiel she had caressed,
An' stamped an' raged, wi' e'eballs wildly rollin',
Like some auld fishwife whan her creel is stolen—

Anger oot-angered noo, to croon her ire,
She struck a spunk, an' set her hoose on fire
(Fegs ! mony women, to avenge their wrongs,
Set up a blaze wi' sulphur o' their tongues).
Noo, this was ca'd the "terrible denouement,"
As thrillin' stuffin' was the risin' lowe meant ;
The chinky doors seemed locked ; she stormed,
 he roared ;
An' troth, wi' smeek, I thocht they'd baith been
 smored.

Noo cam the climax to this trashy farce—
In scene nonsensical, an' groupin' worse—
He, wi' a shout, rushed, bare-powed, through the
 flames
(At this the gods clapped han's an' yelled
 acclaims) ;
While she, puir bodie, fu' o' sham alarms,
Was gaun tae fa', but waitit for some arms
To come an' kep her. Sae, in at a door
The uncle cam, an' *laid her on the floor*—

A classic doon-put, crooned wi' Gall'ry yell ;
But pleasure breathed whan doon the curtain fell.
The scene renewed, tho' efter twa-three years :
Her face chalk-whitened, see, she noo appears ;
Faint-like, she was supportit tae a chair,
Tho' real health wad aft itsel' declare.
The bleth'rin' uncle an' a servan' woman
Were routin' aye that noo the cheenge was comin' ;
But there she sat, in sham forgetfulness,
A Great Unreal (unless it was her dress).
Flat lichtnin's flashed in streaky hues absurd,
While tin-like thunner-rattlin's, tae, were heard
(Wha made the thunner ocht to be weel lashed—
It shiv'rin' pealed *afore the lichtnin's flashed*) ;
To heighten this effect, the fiddlers' twirl
The high-note catgut wi' a wavy dirl,
That on an audience double duty serves
To kittle up their unexcited nerves.
But noo a noise is heard, an', wi' a bound,
The gambler lover aince again is found,

Wha rushes in, an', wi' contrition's storm,
Doon on his knees afore the deein' form
He gangs, an' fierce his tale o' love is poured—
An', in a twinklin', she is sune restored.
Thus, thus the haill thing ends, but nae until
The uncle shows that she has by some will
Been left broad lan's, in guid for a' her life ;
Sae Fancy's paddin' maks them man an' wife.
They ceased ; an' then the curtain slowly falls,
While high arose the gods' an' goddess' bawls.
This was the "Famous Play" we gaed to see ;
But, 'deed, the wife an' I did weel agree
That better far we wad hae been at hame
Than list'nin' to sic weel-skinned nonsense
tame.
Nonsense ! 'Twas waur, an' to young minds
infective—
Positions dubious, an' wi' phase reflective.
The actors strut in ord'nar' symmetry,
Wi' speech bereft o' common poetry,

An' aften show, in sentences unceevil,
Their intimate connection wi' the deevil.
The theme a miserable mass o' words,
Whase gross impurity ower weel accords,
An' shows masked immorality's thin edge
Dune up in gilt to please a sensuous age.
Extreme depictin' o' the strongest passion
Seems noo-a-days to be the actin' fashion ;
An' actors stilt their fumy hours away
By panderin' to youthfu' minds' decay,
An' sowin' seeds that a' ower sure produce
A generation famed for morals loose.
Sae lads an' lassies noo think it nae shame
To emulate what theatres proclaim ;
Can-cans, sensation deaths—a great variety—
Are but the batt'rin'-rams o' guid society.
The michty weel-dressed, an' the scant o' claih,
Will fill the hoose to see bare legs or death ;
E'en them wha should a guid example set
Are sae effeminated that they whet

Their morbid tastes, an' gang in glitt'rin' hordes
To gloat on semi-nude, whase form affords
The acme o' delight to auld an' young,
Wha, kittled, shriek applause wi' rabid tongue.
Ay, ay ! this is ae way that young fouk gain
A knowledge that their years can ill maintain—
An' siccán knowledge, the Upas o' the soul,
That, poisoned, sune decays a' self-control,
Until unblushingly its victim basks
Beneath the shade o' its most damnéd masks—
A shivered wreck, a loathsome human toad,
An ootcast branded by an irate God.
Awa" wi' thae foul, fiendish, gilt nurseries,
An' a' their tinsel-blazoned mummeries ;
Their smooth temptations, an' their hideous scenes,
Are to a nation's ruin but the means—
A fetid tide, wi' dark, sin-crestit waves,
That sweep a nation's youth to early graves.
Oh ! 'tis a scandal to oor Christian isle
That sic should be, an' be but to defile.

Say what ye choose, the stage's glory's gane—
Its true ennoblin' is upon the wane.
Whence is the cause? Ye needna shake your
heads,
'Tis—*Modern Plays are spun wi' carnal threads!*
Appealin' thus to what is weak in man,
They only live whan Virtue they trepan.
Sic plays are "Famous" truly—quite sensational—
An', shade o' Shakespeare! hae become quite
national.

TRUTH IS PAINFUL

Wha dreads Truth's clear an' limpid waves,
Is chief o' mankind's moral slaves.

'TIS strange that Truth, exposed, is painfu',
An' to vile human natur' banefu';
Thae wha aneath Deception's ban
Immure the noblest pairt o' man,
An' squeak when fa's the cataclysm
O' honest Truth-clad criticism,
Or shake, when flies the polished dart,
That, weel-aimed, gangs straucht to the heart,
An' quiverin' brings the deadly hue,
Which proves the messenger was true—
Are but the ghouls o' humankind,
Wha shut the winnocks o' the mind,

An', sel'-contentit', think they're richt,
While a' within is reft o' licht.
Oot on thae coofs wha writhe an' swear
To see their dubious acts laid bare !
The nine-tail whip o' Truth's a lash
That gies their fause-hung hearts a gash,
An' gars them writhe, an' pour their yells,
Which gang to show hoo ilk thud tells.
Poltroons ! ye merit a' derision,
Wha actin', fear keen Truth's incision.
Weel may ye croak wi' angry lips
Whane'er the shoe your fause fit nips.
Say, what is Truth, ye purblind minions ?
Say, is it found in hell's dominions ?
Na, na, nae Truth is found therein,
Nor yet in hearts enwrapt in sin ;
(Per contra, chiels wha dread it's lustre
Will roun their Maister ae day muster.)
Why dread ye Truth an' its disclosures,
An' prate whan come some fair exposures ?

Ah, man, your puny lambkin bleat
Betrays the quakin' hypocrite ;
An' sae your sickly pen rins aff—
The moanin's o' some kindred cauff.
Ye're ane wha'd say that He did wrang,
Whan the blin' Pharisees amang,
Whan in their lugs thae true words dashed—
" Ye are but sepulchres, white-washed ! "
Man, had ye lived then, fegs ye would
Hae been chief o' the yellin' crood,
Wha hatin' Truth, divine, eternal,
Demandit's bluid wi' cry infernal ;
Had a' mankind possessed your een,
I kenna what this earth had been ;
I doot your symbols are gey true,
An' that ye are some Jealous Jew.—
Supporter o' some rotten cause,
Yet fattenin', thrivin' aff the Fause.
Yea, what are a' oor preachin' brithers,
But critics o' the acts o' ithers ?

Are they, whan drivin' Truth's shot hame,
To merit their puir targets' blame ?
To your sins maun they close an e'e,
An' smooth doon a' the fauts they see?
An' ca' you guid, an' stroke your back,
While weel they ken you truly lack
What constitutes the primal base
O' sorrow for your sax-day ways ;
Awa', my frien', gin sic there be,
He's no the man for you or me ;
Altho', in Truth, there's far owre mony
Wha duplex play, to pouch the penny.
I fear amang this category
Ye weel can claim the upper story.
What stan's oor country's glorious fame,
Anent which kingly powers are tame ?
What tyrants dread, what cowards fear,
What noble statesmen aye revere :
What honest men claim as their ain,
What shines as Freedom's chief key-stane ?

What is mankind's gran' elevator,
An' raiser o' the human creatur' ?
What looms oor nation's mighty mirror,
An' to a' hypocrites a terror ?
Ay ! what is this ? Why, naething less
Than oor free, uncorrupted Press.
Whence is its power ? Whence is its might ?
Comes it from keepin' Truth in night ?
Na ! na ! the gorgeous aphorism
Lies in its honest criticism !
Its dauntless front, its fearless words,
Its thunderbolts o' Truth, are swords
That bare the puir man's sorrow-woes,
Yet follies o' the rich expose,
An' wither a' their fell devices,
An' stem the poison o' a' vices.
Sae wi' their trumpet-tongues alood,
Press-criticisms father good ;
But you, wha feel the truthfu' nip,
Bellow an' yell beneath the whip,

An', like some sma' truth-stricken cur,
Turn roun' an' gie a mournfu' burr,
Whase piteous soun' owre plainly shows
Ye canna thole Truth's sair expose ;
An' e'en in this enlightened age
Wad try to muzzle ilka page.
But ye are ane whase sense is such
That still it wears its baby-mutch.

Shine on ! O Truth, thy bricht rays roll,
Be thou the day-star o' my soul ;
To wretches fause, oh, ne'er succumb,
Scorch ! scorch them weel, that guid may come !

THE WRECK

I stood upon a headland lone.

WHEN lashed by tempest was the ocean's breast,
And white with anger heaved each dark wave's
crest

That seething hissed hoarse epics far and loud,
And quivering mocked the lightning-riven cloud,
Whose streams in maddened, wild, convulsive leaps,
Illumed the rolling, stagg'ring, furrowed steeps
With tongues of fire, that down the wat'ry vales
Shot uncontrolled, and whose long, lurid trails
Licked the black gaps that bathed, in hues of gold,
One moment shone, till o'er the billow rolled ;
While Heaven's artillery now near, now far,
Belched its dread thunders 'mid the mighty war,

And on thro' space in sounding echoes rose
Far startling other spheres from their repose,—
Marked I, with nervous eye and compressed lip,
The looming outlines of a gallant ship
Daring the fight (and like some warrior bold
Who shuns not contest), canvass-stripped, bare-
poled,
To meet the foe, or scud with circling blast
For yon snug bay, until his wrath had passed.
Onward she came, now high upborn, now down,
Encompassed all with lapping billows' frown,
She spurns their false embrace ; on still she strives
The bay her goal, her trust the sailors' lives.
Be hushed, ye blasts ! one moment cease to blow !
Behold that ship, see breakers round her bow !
List to that cry, " Hard over with the helm ! "
O winds ! O waves ! why should ye men o'erwhelm ?
Too late ! she comes ! ah ! how that lightning
 flashed,
And reeling helpless on those rocks she dashed ;

And but an instant some dark specks were seen,
With arms upraised, the greedy waves between.
Another flash ! one last wild gleam of light
To eyes fast closing in death's endless night,
And o'er the tempest's laugh, one wailing cry
Rung in my ears, and pierced the gloomy sky.
Another flash ! that brighter all illumes,—
'Tis Heaven's dread seal upon their wat'ry tombs.
Stream on, ye lightnings ! ye deep thunders roll !
Sound ye your pæans to my stricken soul,
O gorgeous darkness, that enshrouds a world;
Out from your cloudy womb, ye oft have hurled
Immortal emblems of immortal might,
In your sublimity ye take delight.
I bow unto your powers, ye me enthrall,
I sink in wonder at your deep'ning pall,
And own, as I those symbols humbly scan,
That He all-powerful is, and *nought* is man.

GLORY

WHAT is glory?—saith the statesman,
“ Steering right the nation’s helm
Thro’ the shoals of party conflicts
That for power would Right o’erwhelm ;
In the great arena soaring,
Wielding millions’ destiny,
Justice’ eloquence outpouring :
Glory such as this for me.”

What is glory?—saith the soldier,
“ ’Tis to gain undying name,
'Mid the muster-roll of heroes
Blazoned on the scroll of fame ;

Roars of battle, vanquished flying,
Ringing shouts of victory,
Fair fields strewn with dead and dying :
Glory such as this for me.”

What is glory ?—saith the poet,
“ Warbling wild-notes fired with love,
Earthly worth in words impassioned
Graven in the realms above :
Virtue’s beauties, deeds of daring,
Sung in strains that long will be
Garlands meet for nation’s wearing :
Glory such as this for me.”

What is glory ?—saith the painter,
“ Breathing life in magic hues,
Nature stamped by wizard touchings,
Animation’s rays diffuse ;

Great conceptions ever growing,
Tinged with immortality,
Genius' honour, all bestowing :
Glory such as this for me."

What is glory ?—saith the toiler,
" Striving comforts best to gain,
Labour-wearied, horny-handed,
Wife and children to maintain ;
Days of sunshine, work in plenty,
Cottage lit with children's glee,
Food and raiment never scanty :
Glory such as this for me."

What is all this earthly glory ?
'Tis Ambition's wakeful eye,
Mocking shadow, gilded story,
That avails not when we die;

Flaunt it, seek it not, 'tis passing,
Banish far its blinding sway,
Live to gain the unsurpassing
Heavenly Glory, lasting aye.

TO KEEP A MEMORY GREEN

THERE'S mony livin' in this warl' wha live an'
never think,
Wha live to toil that they may aye be kept in meat
an' drink,
They're here the day, awa the morn, as they had
never been,
An' seldom leave a mark ahint to keep their
mem'ry green ;
They ken they live an' that they move at will
upon the earth,
They ken that death awaits them frae the moment
o' their birth,

'Tis an anomaly the way they spend the *dread
between,*
They do nae guid that aiblins nicht hae kept their
mem'ry green.

They think na that the puirest can, e'en in their
humble suit,
Do little acts to raise themsel' aboon the common
brute.
To show a neebor that they bear a soul whase
glorious sheen
Impermeates their ev'ry breath, an' keeps their
mem'ry green ;
They aft outrage the thing ca'd love, an' wi' its
spurious cast,
They marry, an' their bairnies grow as victims to
its blast ;
Parental feelin's are unkent, an' whan they leave
this scene,

Unmourned, unmissed, they naething leave to keep
their mem'ry green.

It's waesome aye to gaze upon an unwept coffin
borne,

'Deed could we read the mourners' hearts, rank joy
doth them adorn,

Their faces may seem unco lang, an' mock tears in
their een,

They feel the inmate has dune nocht to keep his
mem'ry green ;

Their hoose is only toom a wee, an' hearts gey sune
are glad,

Heart-feelin' is in smilin' mou's whar thocht should
mak them sad,

E'en should their name be dwalt upon, nae comfort
can they glean,

Frae ony guid that bloomin' aye wad keep a
mem'ry green.

He's unco puir wha isna missed gin he the richt
pursue,

An' deeds whan gilt wi' kindness pure are seldom
lost to view,

Gin mankind's acts to brither man wad aye to
virtue lean,

The blessin's o' a heart relieved wad keep a mem'ry
green.

What tho' the siller-god is a' wi' chields wha live for
wealth,

Their micht-hae-dune is never felt until in wanin'
health;

Then, then the stricken conscience pants for favour
wi' that freen'

Whase fiat tells them that on earth their mem'ry
isna green.

A sculptured stane weel chiselled owre may mark
the restin' spot,

'Tis but a fadin' sham aboon the banes o' him
forgot ;
Worth carved on stanes is worthless as a monument
I ween,
But worth engraved on hearts will keep a hallowed
mem'ry green ;
Oh wad mankind but think upon the guid that each
could do,
An' live like men endowed wi' souls an' selfishness
subdue,
Then rich an' puir wad strike ae chord, and feel
the pleasure keen,
That in this life they did some guid to keep their
mem'ries green.

THE WOODEN M.P.

'MANG a' the soulless coofs that e'er upon this
earth was born,

'Mang a' the men that feed contempt and merit
mankind's scorn,

The chiefest is the vapid chiel' wha, wi' ambition
slee,

Is by the power o' gowd transformed to a local M.P.

He 'll scrape, he 'll howk, he 'll gather gowd to
climb the social scale,

An' stan' upon wealth's dignity whan brains should
maist prevail ;

Yet a' unsatisfied he 'll aim at higher still to be,
An' rest na till he shows himsel' a gushin' M.P.

Surroundit wi' some cash-bought chiel's that toons
aye weel can spare,
Whase duty is to him belaud or else his speech
prepare,
He 's floatit locally as ane whase wisdom bears the
gree,
Whase powerful mind will constitute a wondrous
M.P.

It 's strange hoo sune he masters a' the nation's
sairest wants,
He 's chairman here, and spoutin' there 'mang
Methodists and saunts ;
His name will head subscription lists, an' hand-
somely will gie,
To loom aye in the public's een as a comin' M.P.

The grand summation o' his life is hoo to gain a vote,
An' gin' he e'er had principles they soon are set
at nought ;

An' wi' platform philanthropy the wrongs o' men
he 'll pree,

An' shout aye wi' majorities like the honest M.P.

The "Workin' Classes" is the theme that gies him
pleasure maist,

To show they should be highest paid wha strike to
work the least ;

He 'll spout that sweat enriches fools, an' masters
tyrants be,

An' wi' sic horrid pills he shines, the patriot M.P.

He vows that he 'll support or mak' the siller-savin'
bills,

To rid the stricken nation o' taxation's grievous
ills ;

The cobwebs o' a thousand years clean brush awa'
will he,

Gin he to Parliament is sent as their honoured
M.P.

State patronage he ne'er will grant to Mammon-
seekin' kirks,

He 'll clip the salaries o' a' the pulpit preachin' stirk;
That a' should be alike he 'll show his hearers to a T,
Halcyon days will dawn when he is made our M.P.

He has a certain gift o' gab that serves his sly
intent,

To "Yes" wi' a' is but the game for which his
skill is bent,

Sae he's returned ; lo ! in the House a votin' cypher
he,

The vows an' tongue are nowhere noo o' the
hopefu' M.P.

To show his constituency that he their weal desires,
He leaves ahint some busy chiel's to pull the
local wires,

Wha keep his votin' wisdom aye as motes in ilka e'e,
An' puff the wise decisions o' the luminous M.P.

They kenna that within the House red-tape plant
wildly grows,

Or that their plastic promiser is noo led by the nose
By crafty chiels wha represent their views wi'
unctuous glee,

In lang orations meant to hook the judgmentless
M.P.

'Tis thus that power in han's o' few is aye a thing
secure,

'Tis thus true legislation hings until it turneth sour,
'Tis thus our vaunted nation is the hindmost guid
to see,

For a brainless chiel' wi' siller mak's a wooden M.P.

LIVING MEMORIES

WE a' hae some loved spot on earth where mem'ry
ling'rin' dwells,
We a' hae some memento left that sorrow's dawnin'
tells,
We a' hae thochts that afttimes hing on them frae
us awa,
Oh few there be wha haena felt tears o' remem-
brance fa';
Oh say na that your thochts ne'er turn to some lone
grassy spot,
Oh say na that some little mound can ever be
forgot :

The present may gi'e life its joys, but something
brings ye pain,
The mem'ries o' the lovin' forms that ne'er will
come again.

The wee bit bairnie toddlin' roun' an' prattlin' fu'
o' glee,
The cantrips fu'o' innocence, the lauchin', trustin' e'e
Strike oor affection's deepest chords, that ever
soundin' on,
Reverberate thro' life, an' fill oor calm reflection's
throne ;
Tho' years gang owre the void is felt, in fancy still
you hear
Some merry lauch that cheered your heart, then
fa's your silent tear ;
Ye handle not some tiny toys without a sorrow's
train,
As ye reca' some little han's that ne'er will come
again.

The days o' love sae fu' o' bliss, ah ! little thocht
we then

That tender scenes sae unalloyed could ever ha'e
an' en' ;

That hearts sae much in unison wi' nae encirclin'
care

Wad pairtit be for ever, oh! sic thochts we couldna
bear ;

But noo some little lock o' hair that graced some
bonnie broo

Is treasured in some hidden nook as love's sweet
symbol noo,

It whispers tales o' lang ago o' ane we thocht oor ain,
What wad you gi'e to kiss the lips, or hear the
voice again !

Tho' love be well cemented owre wi' mony a happy
year,

Tho' twa auld hearts maist ilka day the mair as
ane appear :

Go see some lone ane gazin' on the vacant fireside
chair,
As mem'ry fills its emptiness wi' ane wha aft sat
there;
Earth joys fill not affection's gap, tho' oft 'tis seemin'
healed,
Tho' smiles o' pleasure deck the face the heart is
not revealed;
There, there the fires o' gnawin' thocht will never
frae us wane,
Till underneath some grassy spot nae mair to
come again.

DINNA GREET

WITHIN a lane cottage, as midnicht was nearin',
A mither was stoopin' atour a laigh bed,
In sorrow's despair she was watchin' an' fearin',
For hope frae her heart maist for ever had fled ;
Sair, sair did she greet, for death ower him was
drawin',
The love o' her youth, the breidwinner an' stay,
Wha kentna or sawna the tears that were fa'in',
Or heard her heart brak in his passin' away.

A laddie, half greetin', close to her was clingin',
His wee trustin' hand did her fondly enfauld,
Ae hand o' his faither, that gripless was hingin',
He touched, stared, an' wondered what made it
sae cauld ;

He gazed on his faither till maist in a swither,
An' on his changed look he wad cowrin'ly
stare,
Syne whispered, wi' tearfu' een fixed on his
mither,
“What's wrang? Mither, mither, oh, dinna
greet mair.”

The licht o' a crusie was flick'rin'ly burnin',
An' threw a weird hue owre the faces o' a';
The auld clock the edge o' the midnicht was
turnin',
An' rang the first chime o' the day gaun awa';
The last note was struck, an' was ling'rin'ly
shakin',
The crusie burst oot wi' a strange gleamin'
flare,
As Death stole within an' his spirit was takin',
Whase last lovin' look breathed, “Oh, dinna
greet mair.”

Ae lang wail o' anguish arose in the dwellin';
He's gane! an' she clasped a' that boun' her to
life,
An' madness o' love wi' its wildness was swellin'
In fury o' sorrow's tempestuous strife;
"He's gane—oh, he's gane! Ah, see, he is
smilin',"
Awa, cruel Fancy, in pity her spare,
The auld look o' love was in death e'en beguilin',
An' seemed wi' mair beauty to linger still therè.

The laddie, dementit, was greetin' an' pu'in'
His mither frae aff his cauld, cauld faither's form,
She rase, an' he clasped noo a grief's haggard
ruin,
Maist wrecked 'neath the blast o' the pitiless
storm;
He kissed her, he hugged her, an' faintly was
sayin',
Wi' frenzy o' fear, twa-three words o' his prayer,

That flew whaur his faither's loved spirit was
stayin',

An' angels far sung his—"Oh, dinna greet
mair."

The licht o' the crusie sank doon an' was deein',
An' wrapt in the gloom sat the mither an' wean,
She startin', shrieked oot, "What is that I am
seein'?" .

See, see! 'tis his angel sent doon to sustain—
It's touchin' my heart noo, an' yet I am greetin',
The comfort it's pourin' is calmin' despair;
My laddie, your prayer 'tis saftly repeatin',
Wheesht, He is thy faither, oh, dinna greet
mair."

TO A DEW-DRAP

SWEET tear o' nicht! frae angels e'en!
Celestial gem in radiant sheen,
The with'rin' rose-leaves snug atween,
 Thou glintest pure,
Can'st thou ae joy frae beauty glean
 That's faded sure?

Nae mair this rose, like maiden fair,
Shall thee in virgin bosom wear,
An' tinged wi' deeper blushes bear
 Thee as its pride,
Syne flaunt its glory, fadeless, rare,
 O'er a' beside.

Thy burnished settin' noo is gane,
Nae cuddlin's sweet for thee remain ;
E'en yet thou 'rt here without a stain,
 Unwelcomed a',
'Mid leaves that ne'er will smile again,
 But shrivelled fa'.

Hoo kind thy ray o' licht to spread,
O'er what was ance love's lowin' bed,
Thy gleam is as the jewels shed
 O'er monarch's broo,
Whan he, low, numbered wi' the dead,
 Lies a' to view.

Hoo silently thou seem'st to scorn
The miserable wreck forlorn,
Whase vestiges o' grandeur shorn,
 Nae mair will bloom,
Thy ray,—a tear o' sorrow born,—
 Maist mocks their doom.

Prince, peasant, a', puir rose like thee,
In life's gay beauty flaunt wi' glee,
The earthly passin' baubles wee,
That deck their name,
They, like this dew-drap, mock the e'e
Whan ordered hame.

ODE TO THE ROBIN

SAY, Herald of lone dreary days
(Tho' ever welcome guest),
What prompts the chirping that betrays
The joy within thy breast ?

No verdant foliage tempts thy flight,
No grassy sward thy bed ;
E'en yet thou com'st to give delight
When all is cold and dead.

No more on upward joyous wing
Thy brethren seek the clouds ;
No more they pour, or wanton sing,
Their carols in the woods.

No dew-clad peeping flow'rets greet
Thy early morning song;
No sighing, sun-lit zephyrs sweet,
Afar thy notes prolong.

Unwelcomed, friendless, and alone,
How fearlessly to come,
And o'er earth's cheerless, wintry zone,
To seek a cheerless home.

Hath Heaven for thee some cosy bield,
Amid this stern decay?
Can Nature's death thee comfort yield,
Or make thee blythe and gay?

Ah! 'mid the universal gloom
That sleeps on Nature's brow,
Thou light'st the darkness of its tomb,
Sweet bird of hope art thou.

Wee bird! precursor but of storms,
 Oh could I feel like thee
When life's dread winter's chilly arms
 My soul immortal free !

Then would I brave that stormy hour,
 And like thee sweetly sing ;
Secure, protected by the Power
 Who hath for souls *a Spring.*

BUSINESS PIRATES

SOME men will constitute themselves the pirates of
mankind,
And under colours false will spread their canvas
to the wind ;
Externally they seem as craft on honest voyage
bound,
While all within their holds the bales of roguery
are found.
They cruise along o'er sea of life with vulture-like
survey,
And leap with exultation when they mark a craft
as prey :

Their battling is the coward's part, deception is
their wealth—

They claim their neighbour's cargo by unpunished
right of stealth !

They decorate their heartless frames with ostentatious show,

But nought unstamps their figure-heads, cadaverous
and low ;

The wake they leave behind is marked with desolation's tear,

Yet heedless of the orphan's cry, they boldly on
career.

They gloss with bastard honesty their colours of
deceit,

And with an air of innocence will mingle with the
fleet ;

Their restless eyes are swift to mark some victim
to ensnare,

And with unerring certainty his cargo off will bear.

They oft show signals of distress, and captivate
with grief—
The unsuspecting fellow-craft bear down to give
relief ;
Till, once within their demon toils, what do such
pirates reck,
The would-be friend is plundered, robbed, and left
the dismal wreck !
When launched, a friend from nameless halls
bestowed on them his charts,
And, with paternal love, he took their diabolic
hearts
To unctuate Ambition's hull, that it should swifter
glide,
And bear along the wrecking rogues in whom no
souls abide.

INGRATITUDE

WHAUR is the man that canna show the sting o'
freenship's wound ?
Or whaur the man that hasna felt its never deein'
stound ?
That's gi'en to freens by freens whan they throw
oot the venomed dart,
That a' unseen was lurkin' sheathed within a hol-
low heart.
Oot on the men that freenship serves whan in a
sudden strait,
Wha as some fawnin' creatures then your acts
appreciate.

But aince relieved, will barely own the freen wha
did the guid,
An' fling him back for kindnesses their base in-
gratitude.

Whaur is the man that hasna seen some freen o'
siller scant ?

Or whaur the man, whate'er he be, wad see a
brither want ?

The donor's smiles as sunshine seem to those wha
in them bask,

Until their selfish ends are gained, then fa's the
hideous mask :

Then think they your philanthropy was but a
duty's act,

Your interests are valueless, gin theirs remain intact
They murder freenship, nay, will stoop to drink its
gowden bluid,

Syne gloryin' raise their han's that reek wi' base
ingratitude.

The ear, acute to freenship's voice, wi' soul to gi'e
it heed,
Aft unsolicited will do a heart-relievin' deed.
Wha daur ignore sic heavenly acts, because they
hae an end,
Can never be a man 'mong men, much less a
common friend,
Like him that wounded lies upon some lurid battle
plain,
Neglectit a', wi' nane to help, or wanin' strength
sustain,
Until a benefactor comes wi' balm frae mercy's
source,
Wha 'neath a smile o' hope is stabbed by him he
stoops to nurse.

THE MAN

You cannot feel a joy in a' ye do 'neath garb o'
richt,

You maun hae stangs o' conscience sharp that
pierce wi' burnin' micht,

An' doom your thinkin' chords to hours o' hell's
great moral pain,

That bring repentin' vow-resolves nae mair to hurt
again.

The angry words o' party strife and fierce inhuman
glow'r,

Whan gi'en to fellow-mortals, show the tyrant
deevil-pow'r

That but insults the majesty an' stamp o' kindly
Heav'n,

Yea blasts the little worth that is to ev'ry mortal
giv'n.

A' soulless brutes rejoice in hate, an' wild their
snarlin's be,
Theane devours theither wi'their species yell o'glee,
'Tis strange, indeed, that man descends frae tow'r
o' self-control,
To indicate he is the brute wha hates his glorious
soul ;
Do such indeed possess a soul ? Ah ! yes, their
outline tells,
That 'neath expression's various moods the Great-
Illumer dwells,
Man's latent Sun ! that aye should shine, without
ae cloudy mark,
To gar its flimsy tenement gang gropin' in the
dark :—

What mak's its rays aye mair intense ? What
mak's it brighter shine ?
What gars the man appear to be approachin' the
Divine ?

What mak's him stand a real king—the monarch
far above?

Why naething else than ha'en his soul resfulgent
aye wi' love;

Gang, then, an' steep your garb o' richt for ever in
its sheen,

Until your richt, in thocht an' deed, as richt to a'
is seen,

Until it spotless doth appear, to every human scan,
Then, thus enrobed, you 'll stan' supreme the acme
o' a Man.

GATHER, MEN ! GATHER !

GATHER, men ! gather ! the pibroch is sounding,
 Hark ! how its notes thrill afar thro' the vale ;
Gather, men ! gather ! the foemen are bounding—
 List ! 'tis their war-cry that sounds on the gale.
Come from the cottage, and come from the bower;
 Come with the claymore, the targe, and the
 spear ;
Leave maidens' bosoms to love's binding power,
 Gather, men ! gather ! the foemen are near,
 Come, as when tempest shocks
 Shiver our mountain rocks ;
 Come, as when lightnings sweep
 Far through the forests deep,
 Come, as the roll of a mist from the waves.

Come, as when torrents rush
Over each bending bush ;
Come, as when gloomy death
Strikes with exulting breath—
Come ! 'tis the pibroch ! Come, gather, ye
braves.

Gather, men ! gather ! undaunted as ever,
Round our brave chieftain stand—stand as of old ;
Gather, men ! gather ! while yet the notes quiver—
Swift ! let the brackens your tartans enfold.
'Tis by our fathers who sleep 'neath the heather—
'Tis by the deeds of the names we revere,
And by their spirits still trooping together,
Gather we ! gather ! when foemen are near.

Come, as the clouds of night
Girding the gloomy height ;
Come, as a thousand rills
Rushing from native hills—
Come, as the billows that dash on our shore ;

Come, as the mighty men,
Nursed in a Highland glen,
Come, as the tartan'd ones,
Ever the mountains' sons—
Come ! 'tis the pibroch ! Come ! come as of
yore.

Gather, men ! gather ! the old bards are singing
The rush of the onset, the deeds of the brave ;
Gather, men ! gather ! their music is bringing
The fire of the past, never felt by the slave.
Our homesteads shall never be sacked by a foeman
While lingers the valour of ancestors here ;
Wildly our slogan shall stream as an omen
Of death to the boldest of foes drawing near.

Come, as when giant strides
Shake the lone mountain sides ;
Come, as when Vict'ry's car
Sweeps the dread field of war—
Come, for our deeds shall for ever be sung.

Come, for the eye of Heav'n
Smiles when our foes are riv'n ;
Come as one ! Come ye all !
Come ! to our sacred call,
Come ! 'tis the pibroch ! On ! warriors young.

POVERTY'S HAME

ALANE by a toom fire a mither is sittin',
Low croonin' a bairnie she rocks on her knee,
An' owre her wan face painfu' shadows are flittin',
While, sighin' an' sabbin', tears fa' frae her e'e—
Bedewin' twa headies that crouchin' lay on her,
Wi' upliftit faces o' owre bonnie hue,
Soun' sleepin' the strange sleep o' poverty's hunger,
An' dreamin' the strange dreams to want ever
true !
O God ! crooned the mither, send help unto
me !
Oh send me some angel wha comfort can gi'e!
A toom hoose, an' fireless, without ony breid,
Brings death to my bairnies whase faither is
deid.

The win' thro' the lozenless winnock was blaw-in'

A poverty's dirge for the spectres within,
An' far owre the floor the white snaw-flakes were
fa'in',

The windin' sheet emblem to hap the puir in ;
Upon their pinched faces cauld moonbeams were
dartin'

Wi' dim ling'rin' halos o' pallor a' set,
An' aft 'mid their dreamin's the laddies were
startin',

An' whisperin', " O mither ! is faither come
yet ? "

Come yet ! He is deid ! He'll nae mair come
again—

He hears na your cry, an' he sees na my
pain ;

His spirit is near us wi' sorrow o'erborne ;
Fa' owre, my puir laddie—Sleep ! sleep ! till
the morn.

THE GUID THIEF

THE gates o' heaven were left ajee,
An' Love crept oot wi' stealthy flicht :
Straucht to the warl' he quick did flee,
An' socht a nook whaur to alicht.

Afore he left his faither's ha',
The cunnin' loon, wi' slee design,
Some jewels stole, syne cam' awa'
To set them whaur they'd brichter shine.

Fu' mony a weary flicht he made,
An' ettled aft to rest his wings ;
He jinked 'mang hearts, but nane displayed
Meet warmth for a' his wanderings.

Tired and forlorn, maist in despair,
A cosie spot at last he spied,
Whaur he could dwall for evermair
An' revel in wi' hamely pride.

To mak' this nook his ain abode
He set the gems o' heavenly sheen,
Syne tentily he it bestowed
Within the breist o' my ain Jean.

*EXTRACTS FROM “THE WANDRIN’
SCOT”*

[NOTE.—The MS., of which the following poem is but a fractional part, was found secreted in a most unusual place, viz., within the covers of an old Family Bible. Being written in a very peculiar caligraphy, and intensely Scottish, I have, by dint of great exertion, been enabled to decipher and put together the following portions, leaving the remainder to appear on some future occasion, that is to say, provided the work of deciphering is not absolutely insuperable. The opening portion of the poem in the MS. being so much soiled, has prevented its appearance here. However, from stray passages of homely beauty, I can learn that the author must have been a truly nomadic Scot, one of those historical beings who will be found sitting on the North Pole when it is discovered, turning a Newcastle grindstone, and singing cheerily, “My mither ment my auld breeks,” &c.]

HIS BIRTH AND YOUTH

Wi’ conscious pride the tale I’ll tell
Scots perseverance can excel.

“ UPON ae dark November’s morn,
Like a’thing else, I, too, was born,

In an auld toon o' guid repute,
Kent owre the warl' for spinnin' jute!—
Nocht marked my advent 'boon the common,
Frae ony son o' ordinar' woman;
Nae banners waved, nae bells were rung,
Nae bulletin the guid news flung,
But like an unkent wean o' naught,
I o' this life took my first draught,
An' ope'd my een an' gazed aroun',
An' gae the ever-welcome soun',
Wi' voice that made the howdie stare.
An' tell't nae siller spoon was there,
She, heraldin' wi' rapt'rous joy,
This life-start o' mysel'—a boy,—
An' broke to the expectant daddie,
'That a' was richt, a thumpin' laddie,
A blue-e'ed, roarin', kickin' fellow,
Wha yet would live his cares to mellow,
Was born to him, an' that he should
Like ithers faithers be gey prood!'

That was the time whan a' was canty,
Whan the auld nest was lined wi' plenty,
Whan Fortune to us was conneckit,
Whan 'mang great fouk we were respeckit,
Whan weans hame-comin' brocht nae tears,
Nor raised the auld fouks' doots an' fears,
Whan sons an' dochters ne'er felt want,
Nor were o' life's guid things e'er scant.
But whan I cam, aweel, 'twas strange,
Things in the auld hoose took a change.
Fortune, affrichted at my face,
In anger scowled, an' took a pace
Backward, an' slow, an' syne anither,
Till lowsed her grip maist a' thegither,
An' girnin' like a withered hag,
Her smile was hate, syne she her drag,
Wi' mockin' leers, began to screw,
Till cursed compression rose to view,
Till auld an' young her vengeance tastit,
Till what was fair was bleak an' blastit',

Till whaur reigned comfort an' hame-pleasure
Was fu' o' sorrow's heapit measure ;
Till what was licht, was gloomy, dark,
Till nocht remained her love to mark ;
Till parents' tears frae sorrow's well,
Bedewed a hame changed to a hell :—
O Fortune ! ye were unco fickle,
Ye steeped my birth in your saut pickle ;
Tho' hatin' me whan but a wean,
Ye nicht hae left auld fouk alone,
An' no hae boun' their comin' years
Wi' frowns that brocht their bitter tears ;
Far better that they ne'er had kent
The feelin' o' your gracious sklent ;
Far better that they'd ne'er been born,
Than feel your back-gaun glance o' scorn :—
Wha, wha can paint parental grievin',
Whan they the auld hame were a-leavin' ?
What tongue can tell their sighs an' granes,
Atour their strippit, hameless weans,

Whan they frae Fortune's slidd'ry height
Were dashed, ance mair the warl' to fight,
An' a' unkent by former freens,
They, beggared, left their former scenes ?
An evidence, that rascals can,
Bring ruin to an honest man,
An' like fierce vultures, tear an rive
His toil-hained a', that they might thrive ;—
They bankrupts turned, an' gloryin' felt,
That ither's fortunes sune wad melt,
An' into their paper whirlpools
Engulf their owre confidin' fools,
Wha saw, whan late, that they were done,
That roguery had its triumph won :—
Ay ! ay ! some rascals weel I ken,
Wha pass as business gentlemen,
Still smother conscience, tho' their wealth
Is based on gross unpunished stealth—
A stealth—that wad e'en Sawtan shame !
A stealth—that drove us frae a hame !

A stealth—that garred a mither greet !
A stealth—that made life's wreck complete ! —
O for ae brand frae Sawtan's den,
To scaud thae heartless, vampire men.
What joy wad fill thae een o' mine
(I 'd deem the pleasure maist divine),
To see Auld Nick thae wreckers spit,
Whan they frae earth inglorious flit,
An' swing them roun' an' roun' his heid,
Syne fling them whaur 'tis het indeed—
Whaur nane daur ettle them to save,
Whaur they wad get waur than they gave ;
Then wad my voice ring thro' the gloom,
Ecstatic owre their weel-earned doom.
I 'd shout, an' nocht my tonge wad hold,
" You're frizzin' noo, 'mang molten gold."

The auld souk struggled, trachled, focht,
On poortith's edge—they us upbrocht,

Be mine, for Time, this truth to tell,
To feed their weans they'd want themsel':
It aye ga'e joy unto my mither
To mend an' haud oor duds thegither ;
Wi' toom-pouch tears she aft wad greet
To see her bairnies' hackit feet ;
An' whan in winter's nicht oor hame
Was cheered wi' nae heart-warmin' flame,
We a' aroun' her close wad draw,
While she wad soothe oor pains awa :—
O could I croon thy agéd brow,
My mither! for maist worthy thou
To bear earth's fairest diadem,
Whaur ev'ry jewel, ev'ry gem,
Dazzlin' an' bricht, pours forth a stream
O' licht, whase far-extendin' gleam
Bears a' immortal in ilk ray
These glorious words, bricht as the day—
“Behold she is a real mither.”
This, could I do, I'd joy for ever.—

Thus on for years I wildly grew
A rough plant fed by poortith's dew;
Upon my heid a braid Scots bannet,
Wi' ae red toorie centred on it;
Upon my back a ticht wee jacket,
That at the elbucks aye was nicket,
An' on the richt cuff bore a splairge—
The napkin for my nostril's verge,
While roun' ae shouther gaed ae string,
Frae whase looped ends my breeks did hing,
That wafflin', roomy, to ilk breeze,
Aye kept me cool frae wame to knees;
Ahint, my signal o' distress,
In strippit sark-tail—hoots! juist guess;—
An' on my feet for days thegither
I wore auld Natur's primal leather
Whase soles an' uppers bore a' hackin',
Whaur water did for Warren's blackin',
Feent haet I cared tho' rinnin' duddie,
I stood in a' a real Scotch laddie!

Aweel, they sent me to the schule,
To keep me frae bein' stamped a snool,
An' get eneuch o' education
To fit me for some ord'nar' station ;
Sae I, to guard them frae a loss,
Maist learned a' thing I cam across.
To learn ne'er ga'e me much distress,
To mind it ga'e a hantle less.
An' tho' o' books I had nae store,
I mastered maist oor Scottish lore—
The mighty deeds o' warrior men,
The onslaugts o' oor Hielanmen,
The victories that Wallace gained,
Whan Freedom's lamp expirin' waned,
Whan Bruce triumphant o'er his foes,
Freed Scotland frae a tyrant's woes ;
The bluid-stained fields at hame, afar,
That Scotsmen swept in Vict'ry's car,
Wi' rugged, doure determination,
That marks the smeddum o' oor nation :—

An' a' the great deeds Scotsmen's dune
In ilka clime beneath the sun ;
Auld Scotland's history I nursed,
An' deem mysel' in it weel versed :—
Auld languages I was na great in,
Tho' fegs, I pu'd the fringe o' Latin ;
Wi' superficial, scrimpit measure,
I gat the length o' conqu'rin' Cæsar,
Whan mumblin' words like, " Roman legions,"
" Gallia," an' " Aquitanic regions,"
Passed current as a classic knowledge
To grace an entry into college ;
'Tis noo that I wi' pain regret
That I sae soon to wark was set,
For then the licht was juist beginnin'
To show the weeds that wantit thinnin' :—
My sinews braced wi' guid meal brose
Gae youth a base that firmly rose
Into a chiel', strong-baned an' braid,
An' fit to master ony trade."

AS A TRAMP

“ Wi’ mony qualms o’ inward strife,
Wi’ great desire o’ seein’ life ;
Wi’ poignant dreams that I ’d be nocht
Gin I remained at hame an’ wrocht ;
Wi’ ae fixed aim, wi’ ae desire,
That I wad fa’ or rise the higher ;
To a’ parental words disloyal,
I was resolved to gie’t a trial ;
Sae, wi’ my bundle a’ in order,
I cut my stick an’ owre the Border.
O’ siller I hadocht but plenty,
An’ trade was dull an’ jobs were scanty,
An’ sae to mony a toon I gaed,
Until Hope’s licht began to fade,

Until my mind was on the rack,
Until I thocht on crawlin' back,
Until Reflection's bitter load
Made ae mile twa on ilka road.
I needna tell the various toons
I staid in, on job-seekin' roun's ;
I 'll tell ye o' some honest deeds
I 've dune, to meet my common needs,
Altho' there's some I daurna name,
The thinkin' on them gi'es me shame ;
What could I do, I had nae freens,
The end sae justified the means ;
Whan scant o' cash, an' poochie bare,
My bed has often been a stair,
The bundle o' my dirty claes
Did double duties thae dark days ;—
I 've slept wi' sodgers, boosed wi' sinners,
An' wi' gleg thieves I 've ha'en free dinners ;
I 've sung sometimes upon the street,
An' thankfu' raised what brocht me meat.

Whan Scotch I thrummed, 'twas liket'best,
The bawbees then wad come gey fast!— .
. The joys o' preachin' I hae tastit,
It paid me best as lang's it lastit.
[Tho' reg'lar parsons are a class
Wha seldom siller e'er amass,
'Deed Christians think they are weel paid
Whan scant o' cash an' claes they're made;—
Some duffers are big sal'ries reapin',
An' fatt'nin' aff an ill-earned steepen',
Dull, chanter-dronin', sing-sang nowte
Wha poopit soporifics rowte
An' prig their sermons frae the ithers
Wha shine as ill-paid, better brithers.
'Deed those wi' mediocre brains,
Aft get a thoosan' for their pains,
While Merit's power, an' worth, an' soul,
Maun tak a sair-screwed pauper's dole;
Men wha adorn their mater college,
An' are profound in scriptur' knowledge,

An' wha possess the talent rare
O' gi'en to hearin' fouk a share ;
An' wha are fu' o' eloquence,
Are valued by their quarter's pence !—
O Scotland, blush wi' shame, for shure
Ye keep your brichtest pillars puir ;
Your guards frae Popery's seduction,
Ye surely think maun live on suction.
Wi' you, proved merit ne'er commands
The siller-justice it demands.
For shame ! ye soulless congregations,
To gie guid preachers sic donations.
Ye 'll tell their fauts, ye 'll gie them blame,
But salary ye 'll never name,
Your Sunday face will gape an' gant,
But ne'er ye 'll think they 're siller-scant.
Your fossil elders tae wad stare
Gin ane proposed a hunder mair,
An' quote wi' sneer-upturnin' lip,
'They maunna hae a purse or scrip,

Plain meat (nae drink), ae suit a year,
Is a' he needs ! he needna fear
Starvation for his weans an' wife,
Twa hunder is eneuch for life !
Certes ! 'twad lead him to the deevil
For siller is the root o' evil !—
Preachers may preach, they 'll ne'er be wiser,
Sic flinty hearts wad shame a miser.
Hark ! ministers ! whan ye read this
Deem na my wee remarks amiss,
Ere ye can get your status righted,
Ye maun indeed be a' united,
Or better still, noo gin ye like,
Join for ae month, an' try a strike !
Fegs, whan I get on this profession,
I 'm sure to mak a thrawn digression.]
Aft in the centre o' a crood,
I hae held forth on a' that 's guid,
A gushin' prayer I could run aff,
An', O ! as weel as ony cauff,

Whane'er I saw occasion meet,
I, by volition, aft wad greet,
An' to the weight o' truth succumb.
An' hearers show I was owrecome ;
Ay, mony a ane I hae convertit,
An' Sawtan's neck-grip deftly thwartit.
I've wrocht upon the sin case-hardened,
Until they felt themsel's sin-pardoned,
Until they prayed, an' prayin' sang
That they nae mair wad do ocht wrang ;—
Thae were the times o' payin' charms,
Whan auld wives took me in their arms,
An' vowed I was an earthly saunt,
Endowed wi' powers to saften flint ;
Ilk door was open to receive me,
Excess o' kindness maist did grieve me,
Their douce guidmen wi' them were naething
I was their darlin' preachin' plaything :—
O happy days ! whan I a stranger,
Lived without toil at heck-an-manger ;—

Sic didna suit my disposition,
I was a prey to heart-contrition,
Sae took my leave, an' aff I set,
But ne'er can thae dear fouk forget ;
O' this I 'm sure, I did some guid,
As witnessed by their gratitude :—
Thus minglin' wi' earth's puirest creatur's,
I closely watched their human natures,
I marked the chords that reached their hearts,
I marked their vulnerable parts,
I marked their sorrows an' their joys,
What decks their virtue, what destroys ;
I 've marked their tales o' want an' hunger,
An' seen their justly risin' anger ;
I 've marked their views an' queer opinions
Aboot gowd-scrapin' master minions ;
This treasure-knowledge, that I gained
Whan' mang the puir I ne'er disdained
To live, by force o' circumstances,
An' save mysel' frae trades' mischances ;—

Noo mony a weary mile I tramped
Wi' courage that was often damped,
Dry bread an' water aft my fare,
That sweet content aye mellowed mair ;
A bit an' sup I often got,
Tho' ootna o' my ain kail pot ;
'Neath mony a hedge I 've lain at nicht,
An' watched the pale moon's dreamy licht
Steal owre the hill-taps an' the fields,
Till they shone a', like siller shields,
While a' the subject stars appeared.
An' louped wi' joy as she careered ;—
Then wad the nicht-win's gentle sighin'
An' a' nicht's eerie shadows flyin',
Gar future prospects supervene,
Until the tears cam' tae my een :
Aft wad I think, an' unco sair,
That my puir sel' was blastit bare,
That I was destined to be nocht,
An' that my life wad be sair focht,

Then wad wild Fancy upward wing,
Then wad my ears upbraidin' ring,
Then, then as conscience wad upbraid,
I thocht, I thocht my mither prayed,
For her stravaigin', errant son,
Wha that nicht lay upon the grun'.
Syne a' owrecome I soundly slept,
While moon an' stars their vigils kept;—
Ae morn I rose frae grass-bed nap
Just as the sun cuist his nicht cap,
My freen, the moon, drew on her mutch,
And cuist her auld hide on her couch,
Syne drew her sma'-licht train ahint her,
While her guidman did peepin' sklent her
Wi' looks o' love frae his bricht een,
That followed fast whaur she had been :—
I up, an' aff my cauld, damp broo,
I wiped the beads o' heavenly dew,
An' loup'd, an' shook mysel' thegither,
Determined noo, I 'd nae mair swither,

But at the neist toon fegs I wad,
Gin wark ava was to be had,
Jog on an' save as much as be
My passage-siller owre the sea."

AS AN EMIGRANT

" 'TWAS as an Emigrant I gaed,
An' three pounds fifteen doon I paid
For transit owre the wat'ry deep,
Inclusive o' my bunk an' keep ;—
Keep, did I say ? 'twas grumphies' food,
By some commiss'ner chiel's allowed,
Whase itchin' loofs the palm-oil greased,
An' justice' chidin's a' appeased ;
They ply their wark 'neath red-tape screen,
Haud oot ae han' an' shut their een :—
Here pork in rottenness excelled,
That e'en themsel's wad hae repelled,

Sae green, sae stringy, flobby, fatty,
Made in some place ca'd Cincinnati ;
Here beef, mahogany-like an' hard,
Wad hae disgraced a tanner's yard,
The great antithesis to tender,
A teeger couldna pu 't asunder,
Had it been sawn in pieces braid,
A new veneer it wad hae made—
I've seen on side-board doors far worse
Than samples hacked frae oor saut horse ;—
Here clammy biscuits fu' o' weevils,
Wad scunnert e'en earth's puirest deevils,—
Whane'er ye broke ane, sure ye saw
Decay's threads held the pieces a' ;—
Here flour, that brings ane dumplin' charms,
Was fu' o' mites an' wrigglin' worms,
An' felt like movin' sand to grip,
An' acrid tastit on the lip ;—
An' here aitmeal, my voyage trust,
Was little else than gran'ry dust,

Unfit to mak me brose or dramach
An' wad hae turned an ostrich stamach ;—
Shade o' Scots aits ! that aince was corn,
I gazed upon thy ghost, forlorn ;
Doon fell my mou', the saut tear startit,
An' thro' my stamach swiftly dartit
A feelin' that its lawfu' use,
Wi' this stuff in 't, wad gripes produce,
An' that its functions wad be shocked
Gin I its services sae mocked :—
My auld bane spoon ! Fareweel, fareweel,
Nae bastard parritch shall ye feel,
I'll ne'er disgrace your bonnie sel',
For bygane memories excel.
I'll put ye bye, wi' muckle pain,
Till parritch days shall come again.
This was the food we gat aboard
By soulless chiels approvin' word ;
This was the Emigration Scale,
To haud the emigrants a' hale,

Unshipped on some far distant strand,
A scurvy-lookin,' hungered band ! ”

HIS FELLOW-PASSENGERS

“ THE passengers four hunder strong,
O' male an' female, auld an' young,
Cam' frae some lan' ca'd Tipperary,
An' swore eternally by Mary ;
Their unkent language was revealin'
The Gaelic, Ach ! observed in Hielan' ;
Their garb was coats o' furzy frieze,
An' fashioned maist for room an' ease,
Or haudin' kinsmen by the thoosan',
Wha openly were sweetly dozin',
Or marchin', mountin', snigglin', seekin'
A hotch, gey sair in want o' smeekin' ;
An' sae I thocht as a' gaed hitchin',
That they were cursed wi' plague Egyptian,

(Nae wunner that hard Pharaoh's sodgers
Rebelled, whan they saw siccán lodgers).
The men were haggard, fierce, an' wild,
Betok'nin' that on bluid they smiled,
A discontented Fenian lot,
Wha hint the hedge aft landlords shot,
Far kent as Boys, but boys o' Hades
Were they untamed an' savage Paddies ;
An' wha, ere we were weel at sea,
Owre aften showed that they were free,
Gey prone to mak' or pick a faut,
That they might gie some scaup a claut,
Wi' their bit sticks ca'd rale shillelaghs,
Maist borne by thae wud towsie fellows ;—
I here declare this foul ship bore
O' Scotland's sons nae mair than four—
Twa Hielan'men, MacGillivrays,
Strong, burly chielis, oor hills can raise ;
A Border Hogg, in Selkirk bred,
Wha seemed a rovin' slater blade.

We (clannish like) a' bunked thegither,
An' fed an' felt for ane anither,
An' a' resolved to show oor mettle
Should ony Paddy ever ettle
A Scots scaup treach'rously to claw ;
Oor motto was, ' Touch ane, touch a.'
Fu' weel we saw Pat mischief meant,
For whan in groups they 'd on us sklent
A hideous, demon-lookin' scowl,
Or gae a hyaenaic growl.
The owrecome o' oor great misdeeds,
Was that we didna fumble beads,
Or mutter saunts' names by the score,
Or ca' on Mary whan we swore ;—
Religious enmity was brewin',
An' bent on oor sma' pleasure's ruin :—
Aft whan we gaed into the galley,
They 'd on oor puir grub mak' a sally,
They stole oor pans whan boilin' beef,
Oor pork an' pease wad come to grief ;

They stole oor washy mornin' tea,
An' wi' oor biscuits made owre free ;
An' tho' we aft wad glegly watch,
The thievin' hounds we couldna catch ;
They'd gather roun' us an' declare
That nane o' them 'wad stale a hair !'
Had we sic honest chiels insultit,
I'm sure that murder wad resultit ;—
For three weeks, to oor muckle grievin',
They prigged the feck o' oor puir leevin',
An' yet, in midst o' this distress,
The Captain gae us nae redress
(A doon-east, snivellin', shell-back skipper,
Was chief o' this infernal clipper) ;—
But cam the mornin' that we dreadit,
Whan Scots bluid roused, Scots valour needit !”

MIKE

“ AMANG thae Paddies was a chiel,
Wha seemed to be their movin’ deil ;
Nocht else we kent him by than Mike,
A murd’rous lookin’, growlin’ tyke.
Lang had we marked his ev’ry action,
As leader o’ the thievin’ faction ;
Lang had we heard his eggin’ word,
That to foul tricks the ither stirred,
An’ sae we stamped him as the chief
O’ them wha wrocht us a’ the grief ;—
An auld hat on his heid was placed,
That aince some tattie field had graced ;
Beneath it, hair o’ reddish hue,
Frae een to nape luxuriant grew ;
Frae ’neath its rim ae guid e’e glared,
Its neebor micht hae weel been spared,
Sichtless it peered, or lowin’ shone,
Maist like a polished cairngorm stone ;

It glittered wild whan anger reamed,
An' wi' demoniac fierceness gleamed ;—
His nose, that Natur' weel had hained,
A parabolic curve maintained,
An' frae its skyward pointin' tip,
'Twas inches twa to joint o' lip ;
Twa lips, gey thin an' aye compressed,
Whase ends his ears wi' love caressed ;—
A three-inch chin, square-baned an' braid,
Wi' stubble red hair a' arrayed,
Protrudit 'neath his cavern mou',
Whase gape was terrible to view.
E'en as I write, I truly think
That he was Darwin's " missin' link."
This was the chiel wha stood their leader,
An' o' a' din the soul an' breeder !"

CASUS BELLI

"AE Friday mornin' (fatal day)
I to the galley took my way.
A borrowed saucepan, made o' tin,
My pork an' split pease held within.
Lang was it to the dinner oor,
But yet I thocht, I wad mak sure,
An' hae it cooked amang the first,
For Paddy that day had his burst,
An' wadna fyle his mou' wi' beef,
Sae parritch food was that day chief ;—
A hauf o' dizzen clubbed their meal,
Syne in some double-dutied pail,
They mixed the lot, an' to the galley,
In famished hordes wad mak' a sally ;
Then pails o' parritch covered a'
The red-het tap plate, in a raw.
Paddy was then a steerin' fellow,
An' parritch clung to each shilleagh,

Steerin', sweatin', roarin', bustlin',
Ilk wi' parritch rinnin', jostlin';
Thus were they a' gey hard at work,
As I crapt in to boil my pork.

I took a hurried timid scan,
An' marked a neuk for my bit pan,
Then pushed ae pail, an' in it squeezed,
But Mike was there, an' wasna pleased,
Sae wi' an unknown aith he swore,
An' banged my saucepan on the floor.

I took it up again, gey quiet,
For fear o' ha'en an Irish riot;
Aince mair I placed it on to boil,
But Mike resolved my pork to spoil;
Then wi' an aith and fiendish look,
My saucepan in his han' he took,
Doon on the floor it dirlin' flew,
Aff gaed the lid, an' there to view
My sav'ry mess o' pork and pease,
That set Mike's Friday thochts a-bleeze :—

'Hooroo, boys ! luik ! a Froiday dog !
Owhoo ! ah ! hoult ! the dirty hog !
Out wid him ! Houly Mary, look !
He wants on Froiday mate to cook !
Get out wid ye, ye spalpeen voile !
An' don't our parridge pails befoyle.
Out wid ye now ! yer mate is curs't,
Yer betthers must be sarvéd furst !'
The lave a' howled, my pork they spurned,
Mike's guid e'e glared, the ither burned ;
Syne slowly liftin' up my pan,
I grippit it firmer in my han',
An' looked at Mike, but spak nae word,
My birse was up, my deevil stirred,
Roun' in the air my saucepan flashed,
An' full in Mike's vile chafts it crashed ;
Gey straucht my lump o' pork did flee,
An' struck his Polypheanic e'e,
To hat an' hair the pea bree clung,
An' to his frieze coat clammy hung ;

The split pease, thick as herrin' scales,
Stuck to his breist like brazen nails.
Thus blindit wi' the porcine bree,
He vainly made a grab at me ;
Owre nimble I oot at the door,
Then high arose tumultuous roar ! ”

THE FIGHT

It was a dreadful day.

“ **ALONG** the deck I swiftly sped,
While sticks an’ spuds flew roun’ my head,
Ae glance I owre my shouther cast,
An’ saw blin’ Mike was comin’ fast,
An’ efter him a yellin’ crood,
O’ irate Paddies keen for blood :—
Roun’ whaur the second cabin endit,
An’ whaur the main-hatch stair descendit,

Whaur decks were broad, whaur a' could see,
Determined I to fecht or dee :—
'Tween decks it wadna dune to quarrel,
Sae I cow'red doon ahint a barrel,
An' jist as Mike cam rinnin' roun',
I gae'm a kick that brocht him doon :—
His henchman's nose my left han' met
Wi' impact that he 'll ne'er forget ;
Stood I noo by the rules o' sparrin',
Then, then began this dreadfu' warrin' ;—
Aroun', ahint, shillelaghs flew,
I dodged, syne struck, an' baulder grew.
As Paddy dauntless ventured near,
His visit cost him unco dear ;
Like lichtnin' flew my fist o' iron,
He reels, he draps, some sense to learn.
They gathered fast, an' louder bawled
Whan they saw kinsmen sairly mauled.
They rushed, they pushed, wi' mony a yell,
Like fizzin' fiends new frae hell,

Ae blow that wad ha'e draft a bell
An ugly dent made in my skull
I staggered, reeled, yet struck gey hard,
Anither doon, did me reward.
Hope in my breist was fa'in', sinkin',
My een grew wat'ry like, an' blinkin'.
Whan maist owrecome, wi' this melee,
O joy! here bounds oor ither three;—
Hope lived again, an' roosed my heart,
My steadyin' blows did steadier dart;
Thro' Irish foes they cleared their way,
Quick by my side, keen for the fray,
They stood, an' wi' a real Hurra'!
We focht the startled foemen a'.—
Wi' back to back an' feet secure,
An' room for han's to gie a clour,
A square o' four we Scots presentit,
An a' their wild attacks resentit;
We clenched oor fists an' destry hit,
An' sure a foeman timmer bit,

Nae bigger than a border keep,
That reivers built to haud their sheep ;—
An' a' for what? Because a dame
Thocht fit to mak a change o' hame.
The haill affair is maistly myth,
An' shows blin' Homer's peerless pith,
An' gowden-micht o' epic-skill
That nane has matched, nor ever will ;—
Wi' us, a ship on Western Ocean,
An' on its decks a fierce commotion,
Wild Irishmen in yellin' hordes,
Wi' blackthorn sticks in lieu o' swords,
An' fired wi' hate, o' hate the warst
Wi' which humanity is curst,
Religious hate, that awns nae reins,
An' gi'es to earth its foulest stains !
Their shouts, by sea-breeze borne afar,
Proclaimed a timmer-fochten war!
Against them four o' Scotland's thistles
Wha sieve-armed, pricked Hibernian gristles,

An' wha ancestral valour bore,
Reca'in' bluidy days o' yore.
Stood they, like their ain mountain rocks,
An' conqu'rin' baffled Paddies' shocks !—
Come, muses ! come ! be mine to sing
The victory Scots nieves did bring ;
Far as the win' blaws, be it known,
That Scotsmen aye can haud their own ;
Sae true it is sic scenes hae proved
That Scotsmen are revered, an' loved ;
At hame, abroad, e'en on the sea,
Oor native valour bears the gree ! ”

* * * * *

Here the MS. becomes difficult to decipher.

A DRUNKARD'S SATURDAY NIGHT

Their drinking habits mock their useful toil,
 Destroy life's joys, and wretchedness secure ;
The devil laughs with his sardonic smile,
 And glories in the annals of *such* poor.

STERN Labour's sax-day course was run again,
 An' a' its grimy mansions silent lay ;
Nae steam-made epics roared their lood refrain,
 Nae murky toilers hameward took their way ;
The sweet cessation stilled their weekly fray :
 Sae noo, clean-washed an' snod, they seek the
 toon—
Wi' something in their pouch cribbed aff their pay,
 That they may toil wi' social pleasure croon,
Or wi' their cronies stan' the drinkin'-freeniship
 roun'.

In varied, kindred groups they smilin' meet,
An' tell the weekly ferlies o' their trade ;
Till, tired paradin' up the lichtit street,
They seek the howff that they their ain hae made,
An' whaur their greatnesses they've aft displayed
In free discussions on a' public themes ;
Ilk argument, washed doon wi' whisky's aid,
Becomes convincin', as ilk speaker deems
Himsel' to be endowed wi' best perception's gleams.

An' aft they'll dwell upon their fancied wrangs—
Syne droon their anger in anither glass,
An' wi' denunciation's fiercest stangs
They'll rail against the graspin' master class,
Whase only aim is aye to mak' the brass,
Unheedfu' o' *oorsels*, wha are the bane
An' sinew o' the fortins they amass ;
Oor wives an' weans *we* unco ill maintain,
For *oor* puir nebs are kept screwed doon to life's
grunstane.

Wi' sic like cracks, swift fly the boosin' hours,
Until their siller noo is maistly dune—
Until their moral worth, 'neath whisky's
powers,
To rodomontine stage has clean begun ;
For keen antagonism's het, gabbin' fun,
That looder, wilder, higher yet ascends,
Noo fills the biggin' wi' its deaf'nin' stun,
An' maks them social fools, wha erst were
friends,
Whase Saturday nicht spleen the flimsy freenship
rends.

The landlord, big-wamed, irate, erubose,
Noo enters, pourin' forth ejection's threat ;
He kens their siller safely doth repose
Within his till : nae mair has he to get.
They scarce could raise anither roun' to whet
The fiery dryness o' their thirsty drouth,

Or gie their swellin' tongues *ae ither wet* ;
Sae Boniface, wi' etiquette uncouth,
Shows them his damnèd door, while chucklin' o'er
their ruth.

Ilk stagg'rin' seeks his devious, hameward way,
Thro' the shop-closed an' gas-lamp lichtit street ;
Ilk clock's chime ushers in the sacred day—
The dark policeman strides his silent beat,
An' marks the vile Corinthians' retreat,
As he their yawnin', hell-mouth alley nears,
That hides the loathsome denizens whose feet
Seek their foul hames, whase upas-blightin' rears
Oor leprous, blackened stain, that a' unchecked
careers.

Mark we noo ane, late o' the social throng,
Whase maudlin' state maks him to ocht a prey ;
The blue-shot drink fires up his passions strong—
That 'neath lewd blandishment's o'erpourin' sway

Burst their weak bands an' seek Destruction's way.

See ! who is she that grasps his helpless arm,
An' whispers in his ear ? What ! Fiends say !

With glarin' een she marks yon watchman's
form,
An' coaxin' drags the sot, a' powerless, 'neath her
charm !

Doon, doon the fætid alley, see she leads
Her reelin' victim, Husband ! Faither ! Man !
Cimmerian darkness hides her blackest deeds,
An' unashamed she weaves her brutal ban' ;
Syne gloatin', glories in her skill that can
Entrap a helpless drunkard, bent on hame,
Whase sweat-stamped cash she ettles to trepan,
A' heedless o' the wants that ithers claim—
A bairnie's shoeless feet, or mither's burnin' shame.

Let Fancy fly unto a waitin' wife—
Behold her sittin' owre the fire alone ;

The hoose is still. Ah ! she is fu' o' strife ;
Her eldest dochter Meggie, "woman grown,"
Is no hame yet—ae Sabbath 'oor has flown ;
The faither tae is oot. Whaur are they baith ?
Her bonnie Meg to evil wasna prone ;
To dread the contrar' the lane mither's laith—
Ay ! gin she kent the truth, 'twad be her blow o'
death.

Meg was a sonsy lass, an' middlin' fair,
An' aye had been the mither's, faither's joy,
Tho' he his bad examples didna spare,
Unthinkin' that they wad his bairn destroy,
An' be to her, her ruin's sure decoy ;
At antrin times Meg lateish oot wad bide,
An' kent to nane the time she wad employ
Within a music-hall, a wheen beside
Wha had nae sense o' shame, or love for virtue's
pride.

The seeds o' ruin lay within her breast—
Her virtue fell before the temptin' bait ;
An' timid Meggie grew as bauld's the rest—
For love o' geegaws did desire create,
That she the ithers weel micht emulate.
Ah ! little wist her mither Meggie's fa' ;
Her bonnie Meg, gaun doon to lowest state,
Stood brandit as an equal amang a'
Wha ply a trade o' sin that is oor country's ga'.

As the insidious hoar-frost nips the flow'r
An' dims its peerless beauty in a night,
Sae Meggie, tarnished 'neath sin's with'rin' pow'r,
Bore the strange impress o' the fell heart-blight,
Fast spreadein' o'er her soul wi' deadly might—
Steelin' her conscience to the cheep o' doom.
Surely she sought in ilk returnin' night
The fleetin' pleasures o' the sweets o' gloom
That slowly lured her on to an untimely tomb.

The ither younger weans are a' in bed—
The sabbin' mither haps them a' wi' care;
The hamely food is on the table spread—
She, list'nin', waits in anguish o' despair;
For husband, dochter, breathes a silent prayer.
Nae footfa' yet she hears upon the street;
Aft tae the door she'll gang, an' wildly stare,
Unkennin' what to do, her ain to meet,
She'll turn wi' sinkin' heart, an' sair her sorrows
greet.

Whaur is the faither? whaur the primal source
O' a' this grief—this death o' happiness?
Behold! he follows *her*, wi' muttered curse,
Up yon decayin' stair o' filthiness,
'Mid vilest gloom o' sin-wrapt gloominess.
Wi' unrelaxin' grip she holds him tight,
For flickrin' gleams o' dawnin' consciousness
Shoot thro' his soul wi' their sad, chidin' light,
An' whisper, "Faither, turn! forget nahame to-night."

A door is ope'd ! half-dragged into a den,
Whaur caunels twa a sickly licht diffuse,
He sees fierce women an' drink-sodden men,
In a' that devilry-on-earth pursues.
They welcome him wi' fiendish jests profuse :—
See ! he repels his captor's foul embrace.
That voice ! He starts ! an' there, in madness,
views
A form. 'Tis she ! O God ! his Meggie's face,
Wha wi' ae lang wild shriek flies frae the cursèd
place.

The grief-struck, drink-dazed faither follows
fast,
Owrecome wi' frenzied agonies o' hate
. O' his puir sel', noo broken 'neath the blast
O' sorrow, for his darlin' Meggie's fate—
Streetward he runs, but a' too late, too late !
Nae lassie's there fu' o' contrition's tears ;

Nae pleadin' een his sair upbraidin's wait.

Whaur has she gane? Nae Meggie noo appears,
An' hame he tremblin' seeks, owrecome wi' guilty
fears.

Silent, alane, the broodin' mither sits

Startin', she kens his footfa' on the street—
While owre her face a bodin' shadow flits;

She ope's the door, wi' couthie welcome meet,
For weel she sees drink's in his wisdom seat;
He sinks intae a chair, an' rubs his broo,
An' groans, "Gudewife, oor misery's complete;
Has Meg come hame? No! Whaur's my bonnie
doo?

O Meggie, Meggie! Come! this nicht I'd dee
for you!"

Wi' blanchèd cheek, the startled mither wrung

Her frigid hands, in frenzy's sudden mood—
While grief unnerved her fear-contractin' tongue,
An' motionless, she gaspin', starin', stood,

Till wi' some mighty impulse, unsubdued,
 Her love maternal burst, in shriekin' yell—
“Gudeman! what's wrang?” “Wrang! Wife,
 Meg's tint to good.”
“Meggie, my bairn! Meggie I've lo'ed sae well,”
An' wailin' “Meggie's gane,” doon on the floor she
 fell.

Ay, whaur was Meg? Go ask yon river, there—
 The faither's sin o'ercame her guilty soul,
An' blacker seemed than e'en her own despair,
 Which maddened, reason's rudder swiftly stole,
An' lured her to Oblivion's happy goal.
Wi' maniac feet, puir Meggie sought relief—
Ae cry, ae loup—see hoo the wavelets roll.
Wi' kindly cuddlin's, for a life too brief
Has left its scene o' sin, wi' its attendant grief.

“From scenes like these” oor social evils spring,
An' mak oor paupered hames, oor tales o' woe;

E'en gie to cash (that else wad comforts bring)
The influence that stems fair virtue's flow,
An' keeps the drinkin' toiler, starvin', low ;
Aye fill the Puir's Hoose wi' the storied crood,
Oor streets wi' those ootcasts wha live to blow
Their baneful Siroc o'er the bloom o' good,
Which fadin' 'neath the blast appeals to Heaven
alood :—

O Heaven ! if e'er Thy justice-metein' rod,
Or thunderbolts o' wrath are launchèd forth
(In the deep anger o' an outraged God)
Upon a sin-blind, hardened son o' earth,
Do Thou, to those devoid o' Nature's worth,
An' wha parental sanctity forsake,
An' rear in sin-example frae their birth
Their tender weans (wha follow in their
wake),
Show that Thy vengeance will them terribly o'er-
take.



S O N G S.

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BAIRNIE IS NAE MAIR

OH, say na that my bairnie's dead—
It canna, canna be ;
Oh, say na that the licht is fled
Frae oot his bonnie e'e.
A beam frae heaven, a love-born ray,
To lichten ilka care,
Was he to me, sae dinna say
My bairnie is nae mair.

I watched him nichts, I watched him days,
A' sleep my een had left ;
Fell sorrow noo my heart doonweighs—
O' hope amaist I 'm reft.

Say na the best aye soonest dee,
Sic words I weel can spare;
Haud aff! nae comfort can ye gi'e
Gin bairnie is nae mair.

Awa'! awa'! he's sleepin' yet—
The smile is on his mou';
Sleep on, my dautie, lammie pet—
I kiss again your broo.
Hoo cauld! hoo cauld!—he is na weel,
Nae warmth his feetie bear;
A', a' is cauld—O God! I feel
My bairnie is nae mair!

He winna wake! he'll no come back,
He winna greet again;
Oh, hoo could Death the love-links brak',
That boun' me to my wean?

Love-gems like thee, my angel sweet,
Kind Heaven ill can spare ;
I 'll live to dee, that I may meet
My bairnie yet ance mair.

Wheesht ! wheesht ! speak laigh ! I think I hear
The voice that charmed my heart ;
Wheesht ! wheesht ! it 's fause, it 's nocht—I fear
'Tis Fancy's bitter pairt ;
The win' the nicht is fu' o' pain,
An' soughin' unco sair,
To be whaur bairnie is I 'm fain,
Unpairtit evermair.

JEAN AN' THE WEANS

My Jean an' the weans are the licht o' my hame,
Her smile an' their daffin is a'—o' a' ;
The fechtin' in life for a gowd-seekin' fame,
Is naething anent them ava—ah na.
Their cuddlin's o' love, an' their rompin's o' joy,
Their bricht lauchin' een fu' o' glee,—sae slee,
Gi'e life's licht a glint that a deil wad enjoy,
An' think he 's in heaven a wee,—like me.
I envy na wealth, nor its soul-blightin'
stains,
I'm glamoured wi' nae mammon craze,—
or daze.
Just gi'e me my Jean, an' my love-lowin'
weans,
An' I'll be content a' my days,—a'ways.

Pride mounts in my breist on affection's soft
wing,

An' licht beats my heart 'neath its care,—tho'
sair,

As they roun' their mither sae couthielie cling,—
Bricht jewels o' love, unco rare,—to wear.

Life's wark may be dreich, but I feel it is blest :
Hets ! wha wadna toil wi' delicht,—an' micht ?
When doos like my ain flutter roun' oor hame
nest,
An' mak the bit ingle sae bricht,—at nicht.
I envy na wealth, nor its soul-blightin'
stains, &c.

The coof wha believes angels' visits are few,
Is nocht but a tapetless loon,—I 'd droon :
His wee smilin' weanies are angels, I troo,
To mellow life's fecht, frae aboon,—sent
doon.

Tho' clouds o' misfortune should darken my skies,
Tho' poverty's winter should fa',—an' blaw,
Wi' Jean an' the weans, up my soul wad arise,
An' feel it had riches 'boon a',—for a'.
Sae gie me my Jean an' the life-deckin'
weans,
Whase smilin's like sunbeams aye shine,—
benign.
Then tak' ye the wealth that my heart e'en
disdains,
I triumph, for bliss aye is mine,—divine.

*'TWAS JEAN'S CURLY POW AN'
BLACK E'E*

IT 'S strange hoo a sma' thing is aft
The makin' or marrin' o' man,
E'en a look whan tender an' saft
Will life's current deftly trepan.
We a' look wi' pleasure or pain
To moments that cheenged us awee ;
We a' ha'e some dates that remain,
Seared deeply in thocht's quiv'rin' e'e.
Sae I, like the lave, ha'e a date,
A date I 'll min' weel till I dee,
'Twas whan I saw—fegs but I 'm blate—
My Jean's curly pow an' black e'e.

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SONGS.

S

BE KIND TO THE AULD FOLK

To Mr Jas. Allan, Dundee.
Moderato.

Music by
MARGUERITE.

Be kind to the auld folk, while still they are wi' ye, Bear,
bear wi' their no - tions an' slow-gang-ing ways, An'
tho' their bit weak-nes - ses sma' plea-sure gie ye, Oh
din - na be thrawn wi' their an - cient dis - plays.
For - get na that kindness is young blude un - to them, It
ree - zes their hearts when they get a saft word; It
makes them live lan - ger to ken that ye lo'e them, Sae
gar aye auld breists be wi' hap-pi-ness stirr'd.

Be kind to auld fouk for the years that are o'er them,
Ne'er lat cruel feelin' time's winter increase,
Youth glorious seems whan wi' rev'rence afore them
They couthielie gi'e to them moments o' peace.
Oh, wha wad forget them tho' life is fast wanin'?
 Oh, wha wad be dour wi' a white shakin' pow?
Oh, wha wadna gie them the balm o' sustainin',
 In kindness that lichtens a time-furrowed brow?

Be kind to the auld fouk tho' time-worn an' hoary,
Tho' freshness o' beauty maist frae them has
 passed,
Still gran' in their fadin', tho' reft o' youth's glory,
 Oh, honour wi' kindness thae links o' the past.
The back may be bowed, and the limbs may be
 shakin',
The voice aince sae cheery may noo be fu'
 shrill;
Sair, sair are the tears o' auld age when forsaken,
 Sae tentily guard them frae ilka bit ill.

Be kind to the auld fouk, they 'll no be lang wi' ye,
 Maist blest o' a' blessin's will aye ye attend ;
The cheerin' thought efter will never mair lea' ye—
 That love's gowden duty was done to the end.
Far-searching the prayers o' an auld heart uplifted,
 An' ne'er yet unheedit by Him wha' a' saves ;
An' whan frae this warl' we oor ainsel's are drifted,
 The blessin's o' auld fouk will hallow oor graves.

I COULDNA LO'E ANITHER, JEAN

I COULDNA lo'e anither, Jean,
For fate has made us ane thegither ;
Gin severed, ah ! fareweel this scene—
For love, in darkness, sune maun wither.
Far distant be that wae some day
Whan gloom o' soul begins its reignin' ;
Far distant be the nicht o' wae
That ushers in the dawn o' wanin'.
I couldna lo'e anither, Jean,
Thou art the fount o' love-fraught showers;
Alane, my Sun, whase mellow sheen
Keeps ever fair life's sweetest flowers.

I couldna lo'e anither, Jean,
Thy smiles are but the dews o' heaven ;
A desert life mine wad ha'e been
Gin ne'er to me thy joys were given.
Sae should o' joy I be bereft,
An' ta'en frae me my only treasure ;
Could weans ! could hame ! could ocht that's left
E'er bring me back one gleam o' pleasure ?
I couldna lo'e anither, Jean, &c.

I couldna lo'e anither, Jean,
Oor hallowed past wad croon my grievin',
An' sorrow's feast, to a' unseen,
My riven heart wad ne'er be leavin'.
But we will feast on love while yet
We baith ! we baith ! are here thegither ;
We 'll live, an', pairtin', ne'er forget
'Tis ours to meet and feast for ever.
I couldna lo'e anither, Jean, &c.

FEGS ! LOVE IS A DREICH THING

IT was na her sweet angel face,
 Na, na, nor the darts o' her e'e—
It was na her heart-charmin' grace
 That made a prood captive o' me.
It was na her sylph-trippin' air,
 Na, na, nor the curve o' her mou'—
It was na her raven-plumed hair
 That made me wi' love reelin' fu'.
 Fegs ! Love is a dreich thing to bear,
 An' waur whan its owrecome is
 pure ;
 Whan Natur' designs the richt pair,
 Why, Heav'n mak's their sowther
 secure.

It was na her calm modest ways,
 Na, na, nor the blush on her cheek—
It was na the charm o' her claes
 That made me this lassie aye seek.
It was na for gowd or for gear,
 Na, na, for o' that she had nane—
It was na her sangs ringin' clear
 That made me sae cauldrie an' lane.
 Fegs! Love is a dreich thing to bear.

It was na wi' cleekin's o' art,
 Na, na, nor the hooks o' deceit—
Stan' oot! 'twas her unsullied heart
 That shone as simplicity's seat.
A something encircled her a'—
 A something I canna weel tell ;
The power that maks ane oot o' twa
 Will mak a sage wise for himsel'.

Tho' Love is a dreich thing to bear,
He wise is that owns its control ;
A lane chield 's a sicht unco sair,
The coof is a man *minus* soul.

*I'LL SHIELD HER! AYE GUARD HER
MYSEL'*

O, gie me the licht o' a saul-dwellin' e'c,
Whase rays mount the gems roun' the broo ;
O, gie me the heart frae a' vanity free,
Whase clink gies the smile to the mou' ;
I hae in my lassie a purity's gem,
Whaur love-dazzlin' beams ever dwell,
A love flow'ret bloomin' on innocence' stem,
Whase shade gi'es love's licht to mysel'.
A blossom sae tender is mine aye to woo,
Tho' wint'ry win's rave roun' us snell ;
I 'll hap her wi' love frae a lowin' heart fu',
I 'll shield her ! aye guard her mysel'.

'Tis summer to life whaur her fragrance is spread,
'Tis Time boun' wi' Hope's soarin' wing ;
Awa ! 'tis her smiles that for ever will shed
Life-joys that aroun' me noo cling.
Gin a' ha'e their angels aye hov'rin' aroun',
As lore-howkin' sages will tell,
My certes ! there's ane less in heaven aboon,
Whase shade gi'es love's licht to mysel' !
An angel o' gudeness is mine aye to woo,
Whase glance is a heart-charmin' spell :
I 'll hap her wi' love frae a lowin' heart fu',
I 'll shield her ! aye guard her mysel'.

Fu' proudly I wear the saft gyves she has made,
Content aye to kneel at my shrine ;
Enraptured I boast that life's dawn was pourtrayed,
Whan saftly she whispered, " I 'm thine ; "
Sae fondly I 'll cherish this time-deckin' sun,
Whase rays no earth-cloud can dispel ;

Whan endit this life an' a new ane begun,
Her shade will gie licht to mysel'.

A bless-bringin' angel is mine aye to woo,
As we thro' Eternity dwell ;
I'll hap her wi' love frae a lowin' heart fu',
I'll shield her ! aye guard her mysel'.

*I LEAVE THEE, LOVE ! BUT LOVE
THEE MAIR*

(Written on seeing a young sailor taking leave of his young wife
at the South Dock head.)

I LEAVE thee, love ! but love thee mair ;
By sternest Fate I'm doomed to part,
Sae a' in sorrow I maun tear
The only sunshine frae my heart ;
Yet, rest o' thee, I'll fondly cling
To sweet remembrances o' days
That gave my soul love's verdant spring,
Which blooms alane beneath thy rays.

An' whan afar frae thee, my love,
In weary calm or ragin' storm,

I 'll fondly trace in skies above
Thy cheerin', guidin', angel form ;
Yea, in my dreams, love, thou shalt reign,
For thee Hope's beacon aye will burn,
Whose gleams o' joy will me sustain,
Until aince mair I shall return.

But should I ne'er see thee again,
Time's pall can ne'er thy love efface,
Love's mem'ries with thee will remain,
An' will reca' this last embrace ;
Sae weep not, love, tears maunna flow,
They mak' my burstin' anguish swell ;
The boat awaits, I go ! I go !
One kiss, my love ! farewell ! farewell !

DARKNESS AROUN' ME IS STEALIN'

LICHT o' my saul ! dearest maiden,
Fondly I 'm waitin' on thee ;
Slowly the twilight is fadin' ;
Come in thy beauty to me !
Love's sun enclouded is shinin',
Dimmed be the rays ever fair ;
O, but, my darling, 'tis pinin' ;
Never can twilight be there.

Darkness aroun' me is stealin',
Yet is my Jean not in sicht ;
Ragin' is love's frenzied feelin' ;
Come, radiant sun o' my nicht !

Nature serenely reposin', .
Birdies sing gude-nicht to day ;
Flow'rets their petals are closin',
Breezes asleep saftly play.
Happiness roun' me is reignin',
Decked wi' the owrecome o' peace ;
I a' alone am complainin',
Love's tempests wildly increase.
Darkness aroun' me is stealin',
See ! comes my Jean as o' yore ;
Twilight but brighter revealin'
A' my fond heart can adore.

Wider nicht's mantle is shakin',
Birds pour a melody strain,
Wee sleepin' flow'rets are wakin',
Surely 'tis dawn once again.
Purity's halo is comin',
Nature's deceived wi' the sheen ;

Blushin' the fa' o' the gloamin',
Licht marks the shadow o' Jean !
Why is my heart beatin', burnin' ?
Stilled be its dowie alarms ;
Darkness an' a' strangely spurnin',
Life, peace, an' licht 's in my arms.

*DARK, DARK GROWS THE NICHT; OR,
JEANIE'S AWA'*

DARK, dark grows the nicht, an' the low win' is
croonin',
As lane by the fireside I gloomily sit,
An' weird thochts that feedin' my soul's lane com-
munin',
Are a' sorrow-tinged as they eerily flit:
O why is the win' noo sae sair in its wheepin'?
Why loomin' sae strangely thae shadows that
fa'?
O why is the darkness sae painfully sleepin'?
Waes me! they are tellin' me Jeanie's awa.

I tremblin'ly glow'r at the dark clouds a' rowin',
My tearfu' een fixed on ae wee shinin' star,
That on me in pity wi' pale ray is throwin'
A message o' love frae some dwellin' afar ;
Atour yon cloud edge noo a gray ghaist is fleein',
It beckons ! I 'm hearin' some strange soundin'
ca',
Wheesht ! Wheesht ! 'tis the win' in its agony deein',
An' sighin' its owrecome in Jeanie's awa'.

Upon her toom chair noo I daurna be gazin',
I 'm feart, for thocht's tempest is rugin' gey
sair,
An' fancy in sorrow afore me is raisin',
A pale smilin' ootline wha often sat there ;
Some grip a' unkent is me to her close drawin',
I try to resist, but ha'e nae pow'r ava'.
I clasp her ! 'Tis naething ! Ah me, I am
fa'in',
An' hear a low sough whisp'rin' Jeanie's awa'.

O hoo can I ever mair pleasure be gainin' ?
Oh whaur can I gang to get back my soul-peace ?
Can ocht fill the lamp that within me is wanin' ?
For frae her life darkness seems but to increase ;
In slumbers sae fitsfu' I dream she is near me,
I ance mair embrace her, but fin' the cauld wa',
I wake an' I speak, but there's nane noo to hear
me,
An' sair is the feelin' that Jeanie's awa'.

I 'm dowie an' sad, an' I 'm a' discontentit,
Nae comfort I get frae the fouk we ca' freens,
I 'm best a' alone for I 'm maist half dementit,
Aye pond'rin' in sorrow on love's former scenes ;
I canna do ocht but I see her afore me,
An angel o' gude, she aye haunts me in a',
Tho' pairtit I ken she is aye hov'rin' o'er me,
An' greetin' to see me sing Jeanie's awa'.

FAITHER O' LOVE ! GUIDE THE BOAT

WILD, wild sougs the win' roun' my lanely bit
shielin',

An' deep lies the snaw ower the lea,
Dark clouds are fast drivin', the moon scarce
revealin',

An' eerie the soun' o' the sea.

Far, far is oor faither 'mang wintry waves swellin',
My heart is maist wrung wi' despair;
That dangers surroun' him the win' is a-tellin'—
O Saviour aboon, hear my prayer!

Faither o' love, guide his boatie the nicht,
Deep frae my heart dae I ca' on Thy
name;

Gie to my darkness ae ray o' Thy licht,
Guard weel ! an' bring ye the fisherman
hame.

Shine oot, guidin' moon, throw your rays ower the
ocean,

An' licht ye his wave-furrowed path;
Blaw calm, ye snell win's, ye are chairged wi'
devotion—.

In pity, oh, spare him your wrath.
Awa'! far awa', whaur the breakers are foamin',
The boatie is tossin', I see;
Wheesht! wheesht! my wee bairnies, your faither
is comin'—
Hame, hame he 'll sune be unto me.
Faither o' love! guide his boatie the
nicht, &c.

Noo up on the tap o' the dark waves careerin'!
Noo doon in the lap o' the deep!
Tho' cauld, cauld an' weet, there's a watchfu' ane
steerin',
Wha kens weel her head hoo to keep.

Flee on, my wee boatie ; oh, be true to your helm ;
Bring hame the loved burden ye bear,
The win's canna wrang ye, or the waves ye o'er-
whelm,
For Faither has answered my prayer.
Faither o' love ! guide his boatie the
nicht, &c.

See, oot comes the moon noo, the snaw-cloods
a-spurnin'
An' lichtens the wave taps afar ;
O, live noo, my heart, fling awa' your dreich
burnin',
His boatie is safe ower the bar ;
Sleep, sleep noo, my bairnies, your mither is
gladdened,
Joy dwells in her bosom ance mair ;
An' mind 'mid life's tempests, gin darkened or
saddened,
Seek licht frae your Faither in prayer.

Faither o' love ! ye hae saved him the nicht,
Deep frae my heart I gie thanks to Thy
name ;
Darkness is gane, an' I feel noo the licht
O' mair than my joy as he's welcomed
hame.

“GUESS WHAT HE SAID”

I TRYSTIT to meet winsome Willie ae nicht,
An' oot at the back-door I slippit sae slee,
Awa doon the loanin' I trippit fu' licht,
For doon in the dell he was waitin' for me.
My heart faster beat an' made swifter my feet,
An' sorrit I flew—deed, I couldna hae stayed ;
The auld kiss o' welcome, wi' love unco sweet,
Was gi'en—but, my freens, noo just guess what
he said.

Hoo happy we were as we sat side by side,
Wha daur or what could noo twa hearts like
oors pairt?
He tell't me he lo'ed me, he ca'd me his pride,
Ilk word that he spak howkit deep in my heart.

He spak o' a future o' unclouded bliss,
A hame boun' wi' love he sae deftly portrayed;
He paintit a picture o' pure happiness,
Then whisp'rin'—but noo, freens, just guess what
he said.

Maist doitit an' racket wi' love's doubtin' torments,
Dumfoonert I sat gazin' up on the sky,
I wasna mysel' in thae prood, painfu' moments
That strangely entwined me, I canna tell why.
My hand in his ain he fu' saftly caressed,
An' up to his mou' he it sleely conveyed,
I felt that ae kiss on 't he warmly impressed,
Syne waesome—but noo, freens, just guess what
he said.

Hoo lang this had lastit I winna tell noo,
My owrecome o' feelin' I canna weel name,
A lifetime o' thocht frae my swith'rin' heart flew,
Yet bauldly I tell't him 'twas time to gae hame.

"Na, na, Jeanie lass, hame was never like this,
You're no gaun awa' ;" sae I blindly obeyed.
This nicht ends my coortin' an' a' fancied bliss,
Sae lauch noo, my freens—"Will you marry ?"
he said.

Hoo could I refuse him, for lang he had wooed ?
My heart wadna let me throw true love awa' ;
I kent he was guid, and mysel' he weel lo'ed,
I blushed oot ae word, but it wasna a Na.
Tho' years hae gane owre yet I mind weel that
nicht
Whan oot in the gloamin' a promise I made ;
As Willie has aye been to me life's delicht,
I never regret the wee word that I said.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL

To Mrs THOS. BAKER,
Mount Vernon, Glasgow.

Music by
MARGUERITE

Moderato cantabile.

A musical score for 'The Sailor's Farewell' featuring a single melodic line on a staff. The music is in common time (indicated by 'C') and consists of eight staves of music. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with some words written above the notes and others below. The vocal line begins with a descending eighth-note pattern, followed by a series of eighth-note chords. The lyrics describe a sailor's departure from a loved land, the absence of loved ones, and the emotional toll of separation. The music includes dynamic markings like 'cres.' (crescendo), 'p' (piano), 'con espress.' (with expression), 'con moto.' (with motion), 'rall.' (rallentando), 'a tempo, dolce.' (at tempo, sweetly), 'pp' (pianissimo), 'sf' (sforzando), and 'sostenuto'. The lyrics are as follows:

A-way from the land we love we sail, The
cres. *p* con espress.
breeze is blow-ing free, And sorrowing ones do
rall.
weep and wail For loved ones gone to sea. We
con moto. *rall.*
watch our home as it less-ens fast, Heart-tears in bold eyes
a tempo, dolce. *pp*
dwell! One ling'-ring look from the sail-bent mast, One
soft - ly breath'd, Fare - well, fare - well, fare -
p *cres.* *sf*
well! And our tear-dimm'd eyes are land-ward cast,
p *sostenuto.*
While hearts breathe out, Fare - well. . .

'Tis ours to roam o'er the stormy deep,
'Tis ours to fight the waves,
'Tis ours to steer, or the cold watch keep,
When fierce the tempest raves.
See ! gathering fast night's gloomy clouds,
See ! ocean's rising swell ;
Hark ! whistling shrill thro' the spray-washed
shrouds,
The wind echoes " Farewell ! "
Farewell, Farewell !
And the seething wave with dread enclouds
The hearts that breathed " Farewell ! "

Reef, reef the sail, while in triumph rides
The Storm King o'er our path,
In our hearts and hands the bark confides
To brave his mighty wrath ;
In our wake the petrel cleaves the air,
His scream is oft our knell,

Yet in thunders deep or lightning's glare,
We hear some soft "Farewell!"
Farewell, Farewell!
'Tis the echo of a loved one's prayer
That God should guard us well.

THE HAMESPUN FOR EVER GIE ME

Awa' wi' your purple-clad dames,
 Wha revel in skin-gildit show ;
Awa' wi' your lang-soundin' names,
 Whase worth is their pedigree's flow ;
Awa' wi' your gowd-deckit ha's,
 Whaur knee-bendin' slaves ever be ;
Awa' wi' the hollow an' fause—
 The hamespun for ever gie me.

See yon rosy dame hoo she smiles,
 Fu' young, an' the pictur' o' health,
Gem-spangled she saft chiels beguiles
 Wi' sic a display o' her wealth.

They beck an' they boo at her ca',
An' loup 'neath the glint o' her e'e ;
The coofs are but gowks efter a'—
The hamespun for ever gie me.

They deem her an angel misplaced,
An' worship her mountain-rose tint ;
Noo ken ye it's Natur' defaced ?
Speak laigh ! it's but poother and paint.
There's naething but pride in her heart,
O' graces her bosom is free,
A dazzlin' bit patchwork o' art—
The hamespun for ever gie me.

Hoo lofty she carries her heid,
Bedeckit wi' mair than its ain ;
Fa' back ! she's my leddy indeed,
Gin judged by the length o' her train.

Come mornin', hoo wersh-like her plicht,
Sae pookit, sae common is she,
She's no like the beauty o' nicht—
The hamespun for ever gie me.

Her life is a gowd-washed deceit,
Till wed by some show-glamoured fool ;
Owre late ! he sune loses conceit,
An' rues he e'er took sic a snool.
Baith lazy, an' feckless, an' fause,
'Mang ithers she never can 'gree :
Aye grumblin' without ony cause—
The hamespun for ever gie me.

Awa' wi' the lassies wha think
On naething but dressin' an' show,
Till blindly they rin owre the brink
O' wizzened auld maidenly woe.

Last nicht a wee bairnie cam hame,
A lammikin lassock I troo,
A weanie that angels micht claim,
An' blush na when preein' her mou' ;
A blossom o' love frae the skies,
Culled oot o' the garden o' bliss,
Sent doon to mak stronger love's ties,
An' bring me mair hame-happiness.
Sae I 'll ne'er gang mopin' an' whinin',
Lang-faced, discontentit, an' sour,
Whan roun' me weans' smiles are entwinin'
Hame-joys that nae wealth can procure.

Go see on a love-lowin' breast
A love-gem reposing serene,
Sae nestlin', sae cosie, sae prest,
Sae sleeplessly guardit, I ween.
Nae paint-daubit groupin' is there,
Nae e'e takin' grace o' slee art ;

Awa'! Heaven looms in the pair,
Else hoo comes sic grips to the heart?
Sae wha wad gang mopin' an' whinin',
Whan pictur's like thae are designed,
To mak earth a paradise shinin',
An' be the real joys o' mankind ?

Wi' comforts like thae, noo, wha can
Ca' life a dreich harvest o' care?
A puir crap toom-hingin' an' wan,
An' mawn wi' the scythe o' despair,
Sma' cause hae I therefore to fret,
Whan blessin's sae mony I pree;
Thou 'rt welcome, my wee lassie pet,
A joyfu' earth-welcome to thee.
Awa', then, despondency's feelin';
Awa', then, a' soul-cloudin' stains;
Be mine, 'neath life's sunshine revealin'
Hame-joys in the wife an' the weans.

HAME ISNA HAME

ALANE, a' alone, hoo I wearily languish,
I sigh an' I pine for ae joy o' my ain,
My heart is enwrapt in a wild swellin' anguish,
That burnin' engulfs me in sorrow's sad train.
O, what wad I gie noo to hear in my dwellin'
The shout o' ae bairnie wi' feent ony care,
The hush o' this silence is painfully tellin',
My hame isna hame when nae bairnies are there.

My wifie an' I kindly lo'e ane anither
(Wi' mou' love that bears na the genuine clink),
I sit at ae ingle neuk, she at the ither,
An' tho' we say little we constantly think.

She 'tends to my needin's an' keeps hersel' wise-like,

An' I mak the siller she kens hoo to wair.

For a', there's a something about us no lifelike,

Oor hame isna hame, for nae pledges are there.

I try to appear aye as happy as ithers,

I smother my feelin's, tho' often I fret,

At hearin' laigh whispers, gaun roun' 'mang the mitthers,

"Puir chiel! what a pity! he's no a dad yet."

Whan in a freen's hoose, strange, I feel an up-growin',

A heart-reezin' lichtness, a love-beamin' air,

Some cheery contentment oor hoose ne'er is showin',

A sma' heav'n on earth, for some angels are there.

The dad on his knee a bit laddie is jumpin',
The mither, sae couthie, has ane at the breast,
The ithers wi' glee are a' lauchin' an' rompin',
Like young doos a-cooin' aroun' the auld nest
Oh, what wad I gie just to hae sic a blessin'—
The hauf o' my siller—an ither hauf mair ;
I feel that I'm naething, an' real joy am missin';
My hame isna hame, for nae weanies are there.

An' whan I gang hame, there's a cauldness aye
burnin',
The hoose tells the tale that it's no richt ava ;
We ootwardly love, yet are inwardly spurnin' .
The pitif' lot o' us pitif' twa.
Say what is oor life gin nae happiness preein'?
'Tis mis'ry aye reamin' wi' blackest despair ;
A hoose may be braw—hech ! it's no worth the
seein',
It maks a puir hame whan nae blossoms are
there.

I canna taste joy in the lot that is sent me
I needna be toilin' some siller to save,
'Tis hard, hard to ken that I 'll lea' nane ahint me,
To drap filial tears owre the sods o' my grave.
Sae thus a' unblest, an' alone we are leevin',
Enjoyin' a love o' its kind unco sair,
Ilk mornin' an' e'enin' tells me in my grievin'
That hame isna hame whan nae bairnies are
there.

HAMELESS IS HAME

WE a' hae oor ills as we journey thro' life,
We a' hae some burden o' warldly care—
An' licht tho' they be, they increase aye the strife
That poorest humanity often maun bear.
Still, aft 'mid oor crosses we shelter can find,
An' mid darkest moments aft licht is descried—
Maist cheerless an' sad, an' the warst e'er designed,
Is the life o' a chield to a feckless wife tied.
For hameless is hame 'neath a senseless wife's
rule,
An cauld is the glow o' her brichtest fireside.
Nae welcomes o' love meet the henpeckit fule
Wha blindly has been to a feckless wife tied.

What tho' we lose loves, or what tho' we lose
freens?

What tho' a' oor siller should aft frae us flee?
'Tis pleasure to ken we hae ane wha mainteens
A heart-liftin' smile, an' wha comfort can gie.
Awa' wi' the tawpie wha gowls an' wha girns—
The hoose that she hauds is by nane e'er envied;
Aye shunned by her neebors, their loathin' she
earns—

Sae pity the chield to a feckless wife tied.

For hameless is hame 'neath a feckless wife's
rule, &c.

Untauld are the pleasures the guid wife can
mak;

Unkent are the joys that her winnin' ways
bring;

The feck o' oor cares she can tentily tak
Awa frae the heart whan they heavily cling.

THE END

~~1~~ ~~2~~ ~~3~~ ~~4~~ ~~5~~ ~~6~~ ~~7~~ ~~8~~ ~~9~~ ~~10~~ ~~11~~ ~~12~~ ~~13~~ ~~14~~ ~~15~~ ~~16~~ ~~17~~ ~~18~~ ~~19~~ ~~20~~ ~~21~~ ~~22~~ ~~23~~ ~~24~~ ~~25~~ ~~26~~ ~~27~~ ~~28~~ ~~29~~ ~~30~~ ~~31~~ ~~32~~ ~~33~~ ~~34~~ ~~35~~ ~~36~~ ~~37~~ ~~38~~ ~~39~~ ~~40~~ ~~41~~ ~~42~~ ~~43~~ ~~44~~ ~~45~~ ~~46~~ ~~47~~ ~~48~~ ~~49~~ ~~50~~ ~~51~~ ~~52~~ ~~53~~ ~~54~~ ~~55~~ ~~56~~ ~~57~~ ~~58~~ ~~59~~ ~~60~~ ~~61~~ ~~62~~ ~~63~~ ~~64~~ ~~65~~ ~~66~~ ~~67~~ ~~68~~ ~~69~~ ~~70~~ ~~71~~ ~~72~~ ~~73~~ ~~74~~ ~~75~~ ~~76~~ ~~77~~ ~~78~~ ~~79~~ ~~80~~ ~~81~~ ~~82~~ ~~83~~ ~~84~~ ~~85~~ ~~86~~ ~~87~~ ~~88~~ ~~89~~ ~~90~~ ~~91~~ ~~92~~ ~~93~~ ~~94~~ ~~95~~ ~~96~~ ~~97~~ ~~98~~ ~~99~~ ~~100~~

The w—-e—-r is sent for elsewhere.
See w—-e—-r that the six names are
~~w—-e—-r~~
In w—-e—-r the night is full of despair,
In w—-e—-r it shows that oor angels ha~~ve~~
~~w—-e—-r~~
I bairn a w—-e—-r whose thout is themsel',
For sure, to the deil they are closely allied;
Their region domestic is—what I'll no' tell—
Just speir at the chield to a feckless wife tied.
For hameless is hame neath a feckless wife's
rule, &c.

SOMEBODY'S WAITIN' FOR JEAN

ILK morn brings me toilin', but e'enin's bring pain,
Whan ended the fecht o' the day ;
Fu' dowie an' doon, in oor toom hame alone,
I sit, to mind-rackin' à prey.
I hae maist the pleasures o' life in my grip,
Yet naething can comfort mainteen ;
I haena the saft look or smile on the lip—
I miss, noo, the welcome o' Jean.

Come back ! as the sunrise to nicht-droopin'
flowers,

Come back ! as when hope's dawnin' rays
bosoms fill, [hours,

Come back ! as the sun to the gloom-tippit

Come back ! winsome Jean, to your time-
fettered Will.

The wersh-heartit dame to n

Her worth is sae sma' that
Her dour, grumblin' ways

WORSE—

Sae pity the child to a fe

For hameless is hame le
vile, &c

Nae wersh that comfert is .

Nae wersh that relifts

WORSE—

Sae wersh the hand of He

Scourchag' wi' scur-

chag'

Scourchag' wi' scur-

chag' .

Nae wersh that comfert is .

Nae wersh that relifts

WORSE—

Sae wersh a scur-

chag' .

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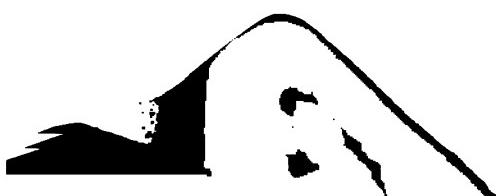
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Licht, licht flee the moments whan winged wi' thy
smilin',
An' licht lie the warst o' my cares ;
Life's battlin' is nocht for a love sae beguilin' ;
Victorious the standard she bears.
Gie gossamer pleasures to shade huntin' chielis,
Lat gowd be their vain flimsy screen ;
Gie them the fause joys that a fause life reveals,
But gie me, oh, gie me my Jean.
Come back ! as the sunrise, &c.

I watch the sun settin' in gowden-cloud splendour,
An' ush'rin' the nicht's gentle fa' ;
I watch the stars peepin' sae mockin'ly tender,
An' twinklin' guid e'enin' to a'.
Tho' calm be the gloamin', tho' nicht-breezes rise,
Nae mair I'm enrapt wi' the scene ;
I haena the time-charmin' queen o' my joys,
I miss noo life's beauty wi' Jean.
Come back ! as the sunrise, &c.

I woo ye, nicht darkness, wi' saul a' in keepin';
 Love gloom ower my heart ye entwine;
You're a' to a lowin' heart, wauken or sleepin';
 Whan pairtit, you're sae unto mine.
But rest o' the lassie wha love's licht can gie,
 An' rest o' her void-fillin' een,
There's naething can gar noo the heavy hours flee;
 I live, but 'tis only in Jean.
 Come back! as the sunrise, &c.

Sail awa', dreamy moon, ower your star-path
 above,
I crave na the pity ye gie;
Blaw, blaw, whisp'rin' breezes, waft ye on to my love
 A longin' heart-message frae me.
Break not her sweet slumbers as roun' her ye sigh,
 Disturb not her dream-smiles serene;
Tell, tell to the angels aye hov'rin' fu' nigh
 That "Somebody's waitin' for Jean."
 Then come, as the sunrise, &c.

TRUE TO LOVE

WHAT care I for the freezin' win's? what reck I
for the snaw?

I mind na wintry tempests that aroun' my pathway
blaw,

I vowed to meet my love the nicht, an' to her I
maun hie,

Sae a' the surly blasts that sweep I heedlessly
defy.

Blaw, blaw ye on, ye piercin' win's, an' fa' ye
driftin' snaws,

She sanna feel the bitter thocht that I hae vowed
her fause,

It's no the ragin' torrent hoarse, nor winter's eerie
micht,

Nor rage o' a' the elements shall daunt my heart
the nicht.

Love's een shall be my guide, an' I will owre the
murky moor,

An' doon the glen wi' lightsome heart to her wee
cottage door,

I'll lightly tap the winnock, an' she joyously shall
rin,

To tak me ben an' gie me peace an' happiness
within.

Amaist I see her smilin' noo, amaist I feel her
charms,

Amaist I feel aroun' me noo the saft fa' o' her arms.

'Tis but the fancies o' my love that flash their
gowden gleams,

Sae I'll awa' an' sune will clasp the source o' a' my
dreams.

Syne cosie by the ingle, wi' my lassie by my side,
I'll bless the 'oor that I the win's an' driftin' snaws
defied,
I'll kiss her an' I'll whisper that she is my joy o' life,
An' O, this nicht I'll pledge her that she sune shall
be my wife.

"O mither! 'tis a dowie nicht, the win' is soughin'
sair,
An' moanin' doon the chimla wi' a stoun' o' wae's
despair,
It brings a dwam atour my heart I canna tell ava,
I dree my Jamie's on the moor an' fechtin' wi' the
snaw.

Aft up the dreary glen I've gazed, an' nocht I
heard or saw,
But howlin' o' the maddened win', an' roarin' river's
fa'.

The crusie's in the winnock, yet I daurna think
he'll be.

O, wae betide my Jamie gin he comes the nicht to me.

It's gettin' late noo, mither, an' the midnicht's
drawin' near,

O, tell me, mither! mither! do ye think we've
ocht to fear?

Wheesht! do ye hear that moanin', O, it canna be
the win',

It seems a speerit wailin' sair frae oot the foamin'
linn."

The wintry sun in sorrow rose, an' cuist its blushin'
rays,

Dim lichtin' ilka snawy fauld o' Natur's mournin'
claes.

An' cheerin' na ae anxious heart that wand'rin' owre
the lea,

Bore love's fell wintry blast that brocht the het tears
to her e'e.

Ae wail o' anguish rose afar upon the mornin' air,
Owre Jamie's footprints i' the snaw, but Jamie wasna
there.

Love's madness bore her onwards till she tint them
in a wreath,

Whaur 'neath a windin'-sheet o' snaw her Jamie lay
in death.

SUNRISE

WEE flow'r, awake frae thy sleepin' !
Raise thou thy dew-shrouded head,
Wake ! see the sun is a-peepin',
Up ! for the night-clouds are fled ;
Open thy saft-virgin bosie,
Welcome the love-beamin' ray,
Clingin' aroun' thee sae rosy,
Whisp'rin' the message o' day.
Wake frae thy cauldriife reposin',
Shake off the wrappin's o' night,
Saftly thy eyes are disclosin'
Joy at the cuddlin's o' light.

Birdie! oh, where is thy cheepin'?
Still cling night's tears to thy breast,
Slowly thy lover is creepin',
Wake frae thy sward-covered nest;
Greet him with song in thy soarin',
Pour out thy warblin's o' love,
Up! up! on wings o' adorin',
Kiss, kiss the gowd cloud above.

See birdie, leaps he fu' sprightly
Over the vallies an' hills,
Rise! on love's wings quiv'rin' lightly
Waits he thy joy-ringin' trills.

FRIENDSHIP

LIFE is but a bark careering
O'er the sea of Time awhile,
Calms and storms betimes appearing
Serve the voyage to beguile ;
When in shoals the bark is driven,
Reft of every guiding ray,
'Mid our danger, oft from heaven
Friendship's light will mark the way.

While around us waves are heaving,
And our hearts are wrapt in night,
Waning Hope finds true relieving
From a kindred sail in sight ;

Friendship

Friendship

True and true is all they

True and honest have feelings

Friendship is help to smooth the way.

True we all are having manners

Distance less is time lost all

Craft before us are the righteous

That have reached the final goal:

For the by adverse gales oppress

Steering right, the easiest way

Gain that haven, where, best and blest,

Heavenly friendship guides the way.

*KEEP A STOUT HEART TO A STEY
BRAE*

THERE'S fouk in this warl' wha gang pechin' an
leanin'
On ithers a' trachlin' ower life's rugged road;
They crawl withoutt smeddum, a' hirplin' and
gralin',
An' mak' their sma' burdens a doon-sinkin' load.
They envy their neebors a' battlin' an' doin',
An', like bairnie men, they aye beg an' they pray
To gie them a lift, just to save them frae ruin,
They tyne their saft heart when they meet a stey
brae.

~~THE SONG OF THE SAILOR~~

~~THE SONG OF THE SAILOR~~

~~THE~~

The ~~it~~ is ~~now~~ ~~the~~ ~~time~~ ~~is~~ ~~a~~ ~~time~~
When ~~I~~ ~~do~~ ~~not~~ ~~see~~ ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ ~~set~~
The ~~it~~ ~~now~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~time~~ ~~they~~ ~~are~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~
The ~~it~~ ~~now~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~time~~ ~~I~~ ~~make~~ ~~I~~ ~~want~~ ~~you~~,
The ~~it~~ ~~now~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~time~~ ~~when~~ ~~she~~ ~~like~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~go~~;
The ~~it~~ ~~now~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~time~~ ~~when~~ ~~she~~ ~~comes~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~evening~~
The ~~it~~ ~~now~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~time~~ ~~when~~ ~~he~~ ~~mects~~ ~~a~~ ~~stey~~
~~time~~

The ~~life~~-~~part~~ ~~is~~ ~~leavened~~ ~~of~~ ~~night~~ ~~but~~ ~~cold~~
~~sunshine~~.

The ~~eye~~ ~~now~~ ~~life~~-~~ward~~'s ~~encircled~~ ~~prevails~~;
They ~~will~~ ~~not~~ ~~wear~~ ~~the~~ ~~strong~~ ~~shades~~ ~~o'~~ ~~sunshine~~,
Climb ~~via~~ ~~the~~ ~~temparts~~ ~~o'~~ ~~Fortune~~ ~~assails~~.
The ~~eye~~ ~~now~~ ~~compeint~~ ~~He~~'s ~~creams~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~pickin'~~,
They ~~snore~~ ~~and~~ ~~stutter~~ ~~He~~'s ~~charter~~ ~~away~~:
Like ~~gossamer~~ ~~shadows~~, 'tis ~~theirs~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~stickin'~~
To ~~basic~~ ~~pioneers~~ ~~who~~ ~~ow'recome~~ ~~a~~ ~~stey~~ ~~brae~~.

Wha fecht na life's battle like sodgers o' valour,
Wha strive na 'gainst a' aye to haud their ain
grun',
Deserve to be dabbed wi' contempt's greenish
pallor,
To stan' as a beacon for fellows to shun.
Puir, puir is the chield wha retreats in life-fechting'
Or clings to a neebor for help on his way;
Wha ne'er stan's, the man, fu' o' glorious delightin'
An' risin' o' soul whan he meets a stey brae.

FILL UP! FILL UP! THE SOCIAL CUP

Masonic Song.

To WALTER BEATTIE, Esq.

Solo. Moderato.

*Music by
SIG. CULINO.*

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is for the solo voice, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The lyrics for the solo part begin with "By high command we meet this night, A-round our fes-tive". The bottom staff is for the chorus, also in treble clef and common time. The lyrics for the chorus begin with "Fill up! fill up the so - cial cup, Come". Both staves continue with additional lyrics, including "board, As bre - thren all we love the light, That", "e - ver is a - dor'd; We heed not ti - tles," (with a crescendo mark), "wealth, or pow'r, Nor earth's no - bi - li - ty, But", and "le - vel all, we bless the hour We owned the mys - tic tie." The score concludes with the word "CHORUS." followed by the continuation of the chorus lyrics.

We own the might of verbal band,
We shun no brother's need,
'Tis ours to give a helping hand,
'Tis ours his wants to heed,
'Tis ours to smooth life's thorny cares,
'Tis ours to still the cry ;
'Tis ours to give to him, who bears
Our cherished mystic tie.

Fill up ! fill up ! the social cup,
Come banish worldly care,
Fraternally we sign, we sup,
And every action square.

We own Our Architect's great skill,
Since first the world began,
His high behest our bosoms fill,—
The brotherhood of man ;

Wha grovels 'neath the shadow vile
O' some gowd scrapin' knave,
An' revels in the soulless smile,
That maks the booin' slave ?

Wha daur outrage auld Natur's plan
Deserves his fellows' hate,
Wha conscienceless wad "droon the man"
Maun be effeminate ;
Nae gowd can furnish manly worth
In hearts whaur nane can dwell,
Nae virtues e'er frae them cam forth
Wha fecht na for themsel'.

Nae honest chield wi' spunk o' heart
Wad be a parasite ;
To fecht life's fecht wi' dauntless art
To him is life's delight.

Stan' oot! the men wha never shun
To face a thorny path,
They shine 'boon a', wi' vict'ry won,
The gems the warl' hath.

The fire-streams of death. See ! our stricken foes
quiver.

Charge ! charge ! Steady, close ! and the vict'ry
is ours.

Hark ! hark ! loud the sound of the bugle
is heard.

Charge with arms ! Charge with arms
levelled low.

Charge forward ! Advance ! British valour is
stirred,

Ours the wave that can vanquish each foe.

See ! away o'er the heath the baffled foe flying,
Now loud roars of battle and ringing cheers
fade,

Stern foes of a moment in peace now are lying,

While Victory weeps o'er her glorious dead.

What tho' the wild onset be hideous and gory !

What tho' vivid blasts from war's bugles are
blown !

The deeds of the brave live for ever in story,
And England, Old England, claims them as her
own.

Mourn, mourn not the brave who in
freedom's cause fell,
Let fame be their guerdon for ever,
With pride in our hearts ev'ry Briton can tell
Our laurels for heroes ne'er wither.

THE AULD YEAR—1873

OH, the Auld Year ! the Auld Year !
Wi' snawy, wrinkled brow,
Pours oot his deein', cauld tear,
An' shaks his hoary pow—
He sighs for them he sees nae mair,
Wha welcomed him whan born ;
He gies a sough o' Time's despair
For them wha livin' mourn.

Oh, the toom house ! the toom house !
He circles fondly yet,
Whaur young hearts sae blithe an' crouse
Aroun' its ingle met ;

Their shouts nae mair in gladness ring,
For ane, or maybe twa,
Whase voices cheered his youthfu' spring,
For ever are awa.

Oh, yon auld chair ! yon auld chair !
He casts a halo roun',
The auld hearts aince cosy there,
Noo, noo, are sleepin' soun'.
His tears drap doon in snawflakes white
Atour their lanely graves,
The snell win' tells his sorrow's might,
That moanin', loudly raves.

Oh, the death rime ! the death rime !
Comes owre his closing e'e ;
It seems a wail, his last chime,
Frae oot Eternity ;

His last words ringin' sadly clear,
Should echoes mony find—
“Freens! happy be whan livin' here—
To fellow-mortals kind.”

TRAMPIN' THE BLANKETS

BLITHE Meggie was trampin' the blankets ae
mornin'

Afore the young sun had maist opened his een,
Her coaties were kiltit, fause modesty scornin',
Till twa tap'rin' limbies fu' temptin' were seen ;—
Her lang raven hair owre her shouthers was
hingin',

Her rosy face smiled, an' her bosie was bare,
Her voice, like the burnie's, fu' lichtsome was ringin',
An' chimed wi' the lav'rocks, wha gazed wi'
despair.

Up trampin' the blankets, whan ithers are
sleepin',
Maks cosie the hap o' a theekit cot bed ;

Up trampin' the blankets, whan nae een are
peepin',
Gars limbies loup licht, for nae blushes are
spread.

She louped an' she sang like a Goddess o' Nature,
A rural wood-nymph drest in innocence sheen;
Simplicity's halo illumed ilka feature,
An' gloried to own her its tenderest queen.
Ilk birdie sang welcome, an' wee flow'rets wakin'
Maist sighed as they saw a' their beauty ootvied;
The saft mornin' breezes sae playfu' were shakin'
Her sun-glintin' locks wi' a mitherly pride.

Up trampin' the blankets, &c.

Weel, fegs, the laird's son was that mornin' afore
her,
An' cow'rin, slee rogue, like a thief 'hint the hedge,
An' feastin' his een, while his soul did adore her,
An' raisin' the tempest that Meg could assuage.

Untauld he had lo'ed her, his young heart was
Meggie's,
He hirsled, an' fidged, an' kept tearin' the grass ;
His soul was afame wi' her Venus-like leggies,
An', vowin', he swore he wad marry the lass.
Up trampin' the blankets, &c.

She tramped an' she sang till her washin' was endit,
Syne bathed her wee feetie awee in the burn,
Ae cough ! frae the hedge ! wi' her liltin' was
blendit,
An' blushin', puir Meggie was frichtened to turn.
A kent voice was heard that made Meggie's heart
quiver,
An' swith cam the young laird atour to her side,
"I've lo'ed ye lang, Meggie ! I'm yours noo for
ever,
Say, Meggie, my charmer, will ye be my bride ?"
Up trampin' the blankets, &c.

" I 've lo'ed ye lang, Meggie, noo, dinna be leavin',
I 've a' thing o' earth to mak love never fade ;
My heart, an' my a', lassie, ye 'll be receivin',
For Virtue enamoured encircles thy head,
I carena for tochers, or toon-fashioned lassies
In gilt whigmaleerries, the thocht o' their life,—
The pure heart o' innocence a' hearts surpasses,
An' shines owre them a' in the sterlin' guidwife."

Up trampin' the blankets, blithe Meggie
consentit,
Ae week,—thro' the clachan, lood joy-shouts
were heard,
Up trampin' the blankets, Meg never repentit,
For noo she 's my leddy, an' laird o' the laird.

AINCE MAIR

AINCE mair, oh, aince mair, there is joy in the
woods,

For love-singin' warblers are pourin' their strain,
At gloamin' sae mellow, whan rose-tippit clooods
Asleep in the blue lifts fu' radiantly reign.

Their wee hearts loup licht to see winter is gane,
Their wee een wi' joy-tears adore the saft skies,
Enraptured they stream oot their homage amain,
An' fain wad my heart to their happiness rise.

Sing on, O wee birdies ! the bricht days are
nigh,

Sweet Heralds o' verdure, tho' budless the
spray,

Your melody waukens my soul to descry,
A pure kindred joy that can never decay.—

The voice o' the streamlet aince mair noo is heard,
'Tis free ! an' it loups noo in Liberty's nicht ;

'Neath Winter's cauld grippin' it daurna hae stirred,
Sae silent it slept like a pris'ner o' nicht.

Noo reeds, gently quiv'rin', fu' joyously dip
To kiss the clear bosie that heaves to their glee ;
An' licht as the fa' o' the bee they a' sip,
Syne rustle oot strophes o' joy as they pree.

Sing on, crystal burnie ! the bricht days are
nigh,

Whan flow'rets shall long to be mirrored in
thee,

Whan ray-crestit wavelets like garlands shall
lie,

An' bring, hoo melodious, soul loupin's to me.

The sigh o' the breezes is saft in its fa',
Their lang loveless wail noo for ever is gane,
An' ilka wee bud hears the love-mellowed ca'
That couthielie soun's like the voice o' a wean.

It cuddles them gently, it whispers, Come forth !
It tells them that beauty is dawnin' aince mair ;
It tells them that birdies are waitin' their birth,
That streamlets are pinin' for bank-gems to wear.

Sing on, gentle breezes ! the bricht days are
nigh ;

Aince mair your chords gowden are breathin'
love strains,

Proclaimin' to me in ilk low soundin' sigh
That Life but in beauty an' melody reigns.

THE MOSSTROOPERS' SONG

By the licht o' the moon we 'll mount, we 'll go,
Awa to the Borderland,
We heed na a Howard or Percy foe,
Tho' they muster fast to their balefires glow,
An' warily watch wi' the spear an' bow
For the brave mosstrooper band.

Lat "ready, aye ready" oor watchword be,
Bind ! bind on your trusty blades;
Mount ! Mount ! to your saddles, this nicht maun
see,
That lang ere the dawnin' afar are we
Whaur the fat kine feed on the grassy lea,
Or doon in the bosky glades.

The Esk is ahin', we're on foemen's ground,
Steadily, cheerily on ;
Nae coward hearts beat wi' a hauberk bound,
An' nae cheeks are paled at the muircock's sound ;
But the lads wi' the dauntless e'e are found
Awa owre the Border gone.

We'll plunder the steadin' ! we'll sweep the glen !
We'll drive ! we'll harry them a' ;
The nowte an' the sheep frae the byre an' pen
Shall deck the dales o' the mosstrooper men,
Or dance in the pat to the tune we ken
In the theekit cot an' ha'.

Oor joy is the prize, oor pride is the fray,
A brulzie we a' can stand,
For strong is the grasp whaur the keen blades play
Wi' a sough that gies to ilk fae dismay,
Wha rin frae the shout, wi' an unco fley,
O' a brave mosstrooper band.

*LOVE'S FOREBODIN'; OR, THE WIN
BLAWS HIE*

THE win' blaws hie the nicht, an' roarin' is the sea,
Dashin' on the rocks wi' an angry melodie;

The clooods are fauldin' a', an' black'nin' gather
fast,

An' unco low they lie to the sweepin', swirlin'
blast;

I canna thole the soun', it maks me bodin' dree,
For hame he suld hae been a week sin' syne to me;
I canna close an e'e, I'm no amait mysel',
Love waukrife hears a voice in ilka risin' swell.

I gaze wi' longin' een frae out the cottage door,
An' nocht I see, or hear, but Ocean's eerie roar,

I see na in the bay his come-hame gleam o' licht,
An' mither whispers, "Lass, he'll no mak land
the nicht."

Oh, hoo I wish him hame safe frae the sea an' win',
I never wished afore wi' sic a seein' min'.

It's no our weddin' thocht, it's no my fancied bliss,
There's something in the win' that bodes my lad
distress.

The crusie I'll put doon beside the winnock pane,
I'll tend it weel the nicht, for sleep I maun hae
nane;

Oh, suld he see its lowe as he the billows rides,
'Twill be love's guidin' star that owre his heart
presides.

The waves roar looder noo, an' brak their faemy
croons,

The win' bears far the spray wi' melancholy souns';
"O mither! dinna sleep! I'm sure I saw ae flare,
An' heard aboon the win' a strange cry in the air;

A dwam comes owre my heart, I see ! I see ! a
form,
Peerin' thro' the winnock ! an' pointin' to the storm !
His een are fixt an' cauld ! seaweed clings to his
hair !
His face is faemy white ! Look, mither ! *he* is
there !
Still cauld an hie the win', whan grey the mornin'
brak,
An' surgin' cam the waves, that kissed wi' joy a
wrack,
Cauld 'mang the downy faem her sailor laddie lay,
Sae broken was her heart, an' weddit noo to wae.

ABOON A'

Tho' disappointments cross oor path,
Tho' Fortune on us frown,
Oor hearts will rise aboon their wrath,
An' live the tempest down.
To fleetin' smiles we've ne'er been tied
Wi' hope's celestial knot ;
They fly, but wi' exultin' pride
We'll glory in our lot.

Can happiness be measured wi'
The bank-book's credit side ?
Maun mankind's greatness only be
Estates extended wide ?

Hoots ! what is wealth ? the deevil's raip !
The gibbet o' the soul,
The trap-door whaur damnations gape
An' endless torments roll.

Sae we will ne'er amalgamate
Oor only worth wi' show ;
My sang ! we'll scale the crags o' Fate,
But lea' oor trash below.
Oor pairt immortal aye maun soar,
Untrammelled, unconfin'd,
Wi' ocht that dims its gowden core,
An' maks us unresigned.

We bear the something in the breast,
The ony-tempest calm,
Then poverty is doubly blest
Whan soothed wi' siccán balm.

Jean ! tho' we're humble an' obscure,
We'll work oot being's plan ;
It matters na' altho' we're puir,
We'll ne'er disgrace the man.

GRANNIE'S ADVICE TO A SUMPH

Hoots awa', ye dowffie chiel, yer but a niddlin'
bodie,
Think na ye to win the lass wi' snoolin like a
cuddie ;
Bauldly gang an' tell your tale, an' gin she rins,
rin efter,
Bauldness is the swaird o' love to mak' her heartie
safter.
Hoots awa ! toots awa ! ye are but a naething,
Niddlin' aye ! bleth'rin' aye ! gapin' aye or
mumblin' ;
Hoots awa ! feigh awa ! just a lassie's play-
thing !
Be a man ! gin ye can ! an' her pride be
humblin'.

What's the use o' gleein' aye, gin she is sic a
charmer?

Lasses like to mark the e'e that fears na' their
bricht armour.

Turnin' aye your bannet owre, an' hirslin' in a
swither,

Sic a coof I ne'er hae seen, I'd blush to be your
mither.

Hoots awa ! feigh awa ! ye are, &c.

Dauner doon the lanely howm, whaur flow'r's wi'
sweets are laden,

Sit ye on some mossy bank whaur natur's loves
are spreadin',

Tell her that the burnies lilt, an' tell her that the
flowers

Own her noo as beauty's queen, an' bow beneath
her powers.

Hoots awa ! toots awa ! ye are, &c.

Lat your love licht up your e'e, an' lat your words
be burnin',

Tak the lassie in your arms, an', a' her blushin'
spurnin',

Swear she has a heart to tine, that ye will be the
finder,

Vow your true, an' pree her mou', 'twill mak her a'
the kinder.

Hoots Awa! feigh awa! ye are just a
naething, &c.

Tell her that your only joy will be the joy o' toilin',
A' to keep the hoosie hale, an' your bit wifie
smilin',

A' to keep her heartie licht wi' love's contentment
gowden,

Syne her years unmarked wi' tears nae sorrow will
be cloudin'.

Hoots awa! toots awa! man, ye are just a
naething, &c.

True love never tells the lee, sae dinna ye deceive
her,

Glory in her innocence, an' dae na' ocht to grieve
her,

Lat her see ye are a man o' honour a' unvaried,
Bliss divine will syne be yours, that's—efter ye are
married.

Hoots awa ! toots awa ! sic a sumph as ye are!
Lasses ken dumb-love men hae but turnip
hearts, man.

Hoots awa ! feigh awa ! hech, fling away a'
fear,

Wha ye lo'e, bauldly woo ! an' feel love's
sweetest darts, man.

EVICTED

Scene.—FACTOR.—“ We can’t let you have anither lease of your farm, the M——s has decided on amalgamating it with anither.”

An’ maun we lea’ oor hame o’ youth,
Whaur joys an’ sorrows we hae felt,
An’ maun we feel the bitter truth,
That wad a heart unfeelin’ melt.
Here we hae seen four bairnies grow,
They’ve kent nae ither hame than this,
An’ years hae made it sacred now,
To hearts wha saw their happiness.

Here Death has come wi’ greedy loof,
An’ seared oor joys wi’ mickle pains,
Yea, triumphed ’neath the timmer roof,
His prize ! his prize ! three bonnie weans ;—

This is the hame whaur mem'ries weave
The gowden threads aroun' oor hearts ;
'Tis cruel noo that we maun leave
Its hallowed grun' that life imparts.

Doomed, doomed to shed the heart-wrung tear,
An' doomed love's ling'rin' looks to cast ;
Twa hearts reft frae a hame sae dear,
Can barely thole the deadly blast ;—
For far awa, whate'er oor lot,
We aye will fondly, fondly turn,
Wi' sair remembrance to the spot
We lea' behind, an' leavin' mourn.

'Tis your puir titled laird's behest,
An' ruthlessly ye maun obey,
Nae sympathy is in his breast,
Whan siller's glamour points the way :—

Nae human heart has he to wound,
Anither's griefs he ne'er could bear ;
Love's kindred feelin' gi'es nae stound,
For real love is withered there.

SONNET

CHILDREN of Slav'ry ! pour your melodies,
Like the pained wind that deep in sorrow moans
Thro' the dark pines in fitful threnodies,
Or o'er the dismal swamps low, wailing groans.
Pour out your chants in Nature's kindred tones !
Ye oft have heard those unseen voices speak,
And oft to Heaven have raised your longing eyes
(While heart-wrung tears bedewed each ebon
cheek),
And poured your bursting soul-song to the skies,
That streaming upward was by angels sung,
Till roused the vengeful ire of God on high,
Who rent the chains that round you clanking
hung,
And bade your sorrows cease, your mis'ries fly,
And clothed you in the robes of Liberty.

SONNET

O THOU above who dost me thus **preserve**,
And who thro' life hast truly been my **Friend**,
Blessing me more than e'er I did deserve,
Still, still to me Thy gracious favours send:—
Again to toil with footsteps light I wend
My smiling way, gold-paved with sunrise gleams;
The carols of yon lark doth sweetly **chime**
With my soul-ecstasy that upward streams,
Yea, soaring bounds far to Thy realms **sublime**,
And fringes labour with the cheerfulness
That gives my soul some soft, sad, mystic light,
And sweeps away all worldly gloominess,
So that strong-nerved, I move before Thy sight
A giant toiler, glorying in his might.

WE A' HAE JOYS

WE a' hae joys that gild some 'oors,
We a' hae gleams o' bliss,
We a' hae felt the liftin' pow'rs
O' social happiness.

There surely hasna lived on earth
A chiel' wha never felt
The care-destroying 'oor o' mirth,
That made his troubles melt.

Sae we're a social happy lot,
And fling oor cares awa',
An 'oor o' bliss is ne'er forgot.
De'il tak' us! we'se hae twa.

LOCH LOMOND'S LAMENT

" And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side."—SCOTT.

OCHONE ! ochone ! our Chieftain is gone,
Ross- $\ddot{\text{c}}\text{hu}$ and Glen Luss weep your woe,
Ochone ! ochone ! the castle is lone,
Our red tears of sorrow now flow ;
Over each glen and heath,
Low lies the pall of death ;
Mists on the mountain rocks
Weep for his silv'ry locks :—
Streams wildly dashing, pour sorrow's refrain.
Bowed are the clansmen brave
Over his hallowed grave,
Far wails the coronach's heart-melting strain.

Ochone! ochone! the death-cloud has come,
And banished our joy-bringing ray;
Ochone! ochone! the clansmen succumb
'Neath sorrow's cold, dark-dawning day;—
Borne on the sweeping blast
Swiftly the grey wraith passed,—
Over Loch Lomond's breast
Far trailed its fatal crest,
Shrieking, and bearing him down to his doom,
Wailing above the storm,
Woe for his stately form,
Woe for the coronach's soul-circling gloom.

Ochone! ochone! the long hazels* droop,
And woe-requieums sadly moan,
Ochone! ochone! the pine forests stoop,—
The soul of the Chieftain hath flown,

* The badge of the Colquhouns.

On to the lighted lands,
'Mid the immortal bands,
Ancestors welcome him
With their far-sounding hymn.

Lo ! bards of eternity sing with acclaim
Pæans of joy anew,
Pæans for brave Ross-dhu ;
And heroes' souls leap, for his earth-cherished
name.

AWAY! TO OUR MOUNTAIN LAND

Away! to our mountain land away!

 Whaur waves the heather bell,
 Whaur beetlin' rocks kiss the cold mist grey,
 Whaur fountains dash with a gowden spray,
 Thro' mony a ferny dell.

Away! to the land o' castles old,
 Whose ruins, ivy-crowned,
 Heard shouts of cor must'rin' warriors bold,
 Whose doughty deeds oor memories hold,
 An' glorious still resound.

Come! come whaur the eagle swoops on high,
 An' woos the sunbeam's glare,

An' scorns to shut his unerrin' eye,
But sails a king thro' the cloudless sky,
An' owns no equal there.

Away! whaur the dark pines moanin' sigh
To the eerie midnight blast,
Whaur mountains shake to the tempest's cry,
Whaur thunders roll, an' keen lightnin's fly,
Till Nature's dream is past.

Come! to the land wi' the sylvan nooks
An' dowie fairy dens,
Whaur mellow sangs frae the gleesome brooks
Are heard afar in their lichtsome jouks,
In a' oor lanely glens.

We'll leave the toon an' its siller din,
We'll fling awa' a' care,



An' gang whaur the glintin' burnies rin,
An' loup wi' delight the broomy linn,
To gather health aince mair.

Then come, my love, to our mountains grand,
Whaur beauty has her throne ;
Enwrapt in awe, oh, we'll proudly stand
'Mid rugged cliffs o' oor native land,
An' claim them as oor own.

I SIGH FOR THEE, SCOTLAND

I SIGH for thee, Scotland, frae mornin' to e'enin',
I seem as an exile on some foreign shore:
The heart-love o' youth, oh, I canna be weanin',
An' nocht noo but mem'ries remain to adore.
I think on the joy-days whase shadow still lingers,
An' ilka hame-scene aft I fondly reca',
Till truth's painfu' ootline an' cauld chidin' fingers
Arouse me to feel that frae hame I'm awa'.

I wearily long thae loved haunts to be treadin',
An' on my Dundee to again feast **my eyes**;
An' thrills o' emotion thro' ilka vein spreadin'
Gar tempests o' hope in my bosom **arise**.

Aft Fancy will paint me ilk spot o' youth's glory,
The saft silver Tay and the verdant Sea Braes,
An' whisp'rin' to mem'ry, 'twill tell me some story
That bears me in sorrow to young daffin' days.

I see the twa faces that fondly I doat on,
Aroun' the auld ingle gang hirplin' alone ;
An' love's e'e brings visions that ever I gloat on—
Then, then thro' my soul ring their kind words
again.

I hear in my dreams the auld bell weirdly tollin',
Deep-soundin' like some spirit-voice o' the past ;
I wauken, an' something soughs, "Time has been
rollin',"
Sae aince mair my heart is by grief-clouds o'ercast.

The fecht efter wealth gies a soul puir sustainin',
An' a' its allurements to naethingness melt ;
Its glamour is fause to a heart gowd disdainin' ;
'Tis nocht but a pain whaur the hame isna felt.

I sigh for thee, Scotland ! the hame o' my kin ;
I sigh for a glint o' the calm, sweeping Tay ;
Awa' owre the border my day-dreamin's rin :
Nae heart-peace is mine, for this hame gies me
wae.

TUNSTAL GLOAMIN'

Hoo sweet in the gloamin' by Tunstal to rove,
Whan nicht's blushin' shades creepin' tim'rously
fa,'
Whan guid-nicht frae warblers is heard frae ilk
grove,
And skies' gowden beauty is fading awa';
Soft murmurs o' rest fill the sough o' the breeze,
Ilk wee closin' flow'ret is soothed an' caressed,
Slow dreamy-like noddin's an' sighs frae the trees
Rock ilka wee birdie to sleep in its nest.

Tho' nae balmy zephyrs frae rose-deckit bow'rs
Blaw safty their burdens o' fragrant perfume,
Yet dearer by far are oor sweet gloamin' hours
An' purer the love that is nursed 'mang oor
broom.

Braw lasses an' lads among Tunstal's green knowes
Are pourin' fu' sleely the tales o' their bliss,
An' blusheen' an' sighin' oot gloamin'-made vows,
Their owrecome is seen in the love-burning kiss.

An' slumb'rin' sae calm lies the ocean serene,
Its breathin's o' peace gently fa' on the ear,
Frae spreadein' night shadows o' deep darklin' sheen
The wee waukife wavelets wi' nightcaps appear.
Owre its wide bosom wee boaties are glidin'
Awa to their net-shootin' toilin's o' nicht—
Hame! love! an' weans! owre their lane oors
presidin'
Gie wave-rockit fishermen gloamin's delight.

Gae brag o' your hames o' orient splendour,
Whaur Nature lives only in beauty's excess,
In glowin' profusion that never can render
Sic feelin's as modesty's innocent dress.

Gie fetter-boun' minions their beauties to roam in,
Their gowd-glitt'rin' scenes, an' their spice-scented vales,
But gie me our ain native northern gloamin',
Whaur true love an' freedom untarnished prevails.

Wi' deep admiration in bosom arisin',
What prospect o' Nature is equal to this?
There ocean far-stretchin' roun' eastward horizon ;
Here plough-furrowed fields clad in green
happiness ;
Here wealth unconstrained rears its emblems o'
micht ;
Here toilers reap peace an' contentment in store,
Here gloamin' but ushers the mair peacefu' nicht,
This, this is the hame we can proodly adore !

THE AULD HIELANMAN'S LAMENT

NAE mair hae we clansmen to summon thegither,
 Nae mair will oor slogans be echoed again;
Nae mair tartaned warriors will bound o'er the
 heather,
 Nae mair soun's the pibroch a soul-stirrin' strain.
Gane, gane are the days whan oor glens an' oor
 mountains
 Saw stalwart sons mustered for foray or raid;
Nae voices o' maidens blend noo wi' oor fountains,
 Nae Hielan' cheer noo! for my Hielan's are
 dead!
 The shout o' the stranger, oor red deer pur-
 suin',
 Is heard 'mid the gloom o' my fore-
 faithers' hame;

Deserit an lonely—waes me ! a' is ruin—
My Hielan's to me are but Hielan's in
name.

Nae mair dauntless chieftains, like torrents pre-
vailin',

Shall wi' the claymore fiercely rush on the foe ;
Nae mair shall the coronach's notes stream in
wailin',

Nae mair shall oor matrons chant dirges o' woe ;
Nae mair greyhaired bards shall sing bold deeds o'
onslaught,

Nae mair shall oor youths long in sires' path to
tread ;

Nae mair shall their shouts, strikin' terror, be
death-fraught,

Their Hielan's are here ! but, alack ! they are
dead.

The shout o' the stranger, oor red deer
pursuin', &c.

From thee, Caledonia, thy bravest were riven,
An' tarnished the plumes on thy time-gildit
crest ;
From glen an' from mountain thy laurels were
driven,
An' far ower the ocean thy brightest fand rest.
Nae mair, 'neath the heather-clad shielin', ye'll
nourish
The race aye triumphant whaur Liberty led ;
Nae mair, 'neath your cauld mists, the bold Gael
shall flourish,
For widowed the Hielan's since clanship was
dead.
The shout o' the stranger, oor red deer
pursuin', &c.

Nae hame I hae here whaur my kinsmen are
sleepin' ;
I'll back to the land whaur as exiles we dwell;

Ae sod, frae their graves, o' loved heather, I'm
keepin'

To bloom ower my ain whan they bury mysel'.

Fareweel, Caledonia ! deep, deep is my sorrow ;

Fareweel ! your loved beauty for ever is fled ;
Enshrouded in nicht, wi' nae hope-dawnin' morrow,

Fareweel, my lone Hielan's ! waes me, a' is dead !

The voice o' the stranger, oor red deer
pursuin', &c.

THE FIERY CROSS

YES ! 'tis the fiery cross blazin', blazin',
Over the mountain, an' down by the vale,
Our chieftain the clansmen raisin', raisin.'
List ! 'tis our slogan streams far on the gale,
Come frae the hamlet ! come frae the shielin,'
Come frae the heath whaur the red deer career.
Gather ye ! gather ye ! pealin', pealin',
Muster, men ! muster wi' claymore an' spear.
Up ! 'tis the fiery cross glarin', glarin',
Lea' wives an' maidens, lea' love to its tears,
Chieftain wi' clansmen o' darin', darin',
Welcome the foe when the tarie * appears.

* Gaelic for *fiery cross*.

Swift as the mountain roe boundin', boundin',
Speeds the red omen thro' dim shades of night.
Over the mountain peaks soundin', soundin',
Peals the war echo—our summons for fight.
See ! how the tartans are streamin', streamin',
Far thro' the forest, the glen an' the glade,
Bold hearts an' true blades are gleamin', gleamin',
Gatherin' fast to repel the night raid.
Up ! 'tis the fiery cross glarin,' &c.

Come ! for our chieftain is leadin', leadin',
Come ! for his valour shall vanquish the foe ;
Hark ! 'tis the foeman fast speedin', speedin',
Wild be our onset, and sure be each blow.
Grasp now your broadswords all tightly, tightly,
Fling back the plaid ! bring the shield to the fore,
Over the heather all lightly, lightly,
The slogan give out ! then on ! as of yore.

On, 'tis the fiery cross glarin', glarin', &c.

Brandy the daymores are flashin', flashin',
On' in your night like a tempest of death,
On' like our heart-steeps dashin', dashin',
Give ye the foemen their bed on the heath.
See see their bravest are flyin', flyin',
Dimmed be the sheen of each blade in their
gore.

Here sit the stoutts of the dyin', dyin',
On in the night till they glory no more—
On 'tis the fiery cross glarin', glarin', &c.

Far far o'er gien are the foemen, foemen,
Mannies an' maidens gie welcome again,
Proddly o'er chieftain is comin', comin',
Hark! 'tis the tread of his warrior train !
Sing ye their deeds in the foray, foray,
Tell to your sons of old heroes of worth,
Echo ye moutains, their story, story,
Sing how the fiery cross gathered them forth !

What though no fiery cross glarin', glarin',
Musters our braves when foe dangers are near,
Still can their valour an' darin', darin',
Tear victory's laurels frae a' that appear.

*MY AIN HIELAN' HAME ! MY AIN
HEATHER LAND !*

OCHON ! but my life-wish has noo its fulfillin',
I'm back to the auld Hielan' clachan again,
Ilk kent spot o' youth is loved mem'ries instillin',
An' bringin' sair thochts to my heart in their
train :—

Ye welcome me, mountains o' heather-clad
grandeur,

Your blasts sigh a welcome as roun' me they
blaw ;

Ye welcome me, glens, whaur in youth I did
wander,

Your lone gloomy silence breathes welcome an' a'

O my ain Hielan' hame, O my ain heather
land,
I feel your wild win's fannin' life's dying fires,
Howlin' frae oot the past, echoes sublime an'
grand,
An moanin' loved dirges whaur sleepeth my
sires.

There stan's the auld castle, bereft o' its glory,
Whaur warriors mustered for foray or raid,
Tho' roofless an' eerie, a' moss-grown an' hoary,
Their ghosts ling'rin' fondly still gloomily tread :
Owre their lone graves noo the hoolets are cryin',
Bright deeds o' the past they in sorrow reca',
An weird thro' the dark pines the nicht win' is
sighin',
For sorrow is wailin' its ootcome in a'.

O my ain Hielan' hame, O my ain heather
land, &c.

The weel-hidden turf-covered bothy's in ruins,
Whaur aft wi' my cronies we baffled the law;
Whaur aft frae oor sma' still we run aff oor
brewin's,
An' bauldly wad smuggle oor real usqueba.
Still thro' the glen is the mountain stream singin'
Its siller sang, pure as its ain virgin sel',
An' still to its banks are the blue bells a-clingin',
An' cuddlin' in love wi' the broon heather bell
O my ain Hielan' hame, O my ain heather
land, &c.

But whaur are the saft han's that infancy nourished?
An' whaur is the cottage that infancy saw?
Whaur, whaur are the smiles that sae fondly I
cherished?
Nae mair they 'll return to gie welcome an' a'.
Unkent an' unwelcomed, I gaze in my weepin'
On links o' the past in the moulderin' stanes.

Hush ! I hear a welcome frae clansmen a-sleepin'—
O joy ! for their heather shall bloom owre my
banes.

O my ain Hielan' hame; O my ain heather
land, &c.

ALANE, BY FRENCHLAN' TOWER

ALANE, by Frenchlan' Tower, in the sun's departin'
rays,
Awa frae a' the din an' cares o' siller-makin' ways,
I sit and scan the prospect wi' a rapt'rous soul an'
e'e,
An' gloryin' feel there's nocht on earth can greater
pleasure gie.
The lav'rock pours its ev'nin' sang, an' seeks its
grassy nest,
The tim'rous blue bell sighin' hings its sunset-
lichtit crest,
The weary hind returnin' sings wi' labour-endit glee,
An' echoes o' the gloamin' hum a silv'ry strain to
me.

Ahint yon gath'rin' cloud o' nicht the monarch
glides awa',
An' streamin' frae its gowden edge his quiv'rin'
arrows fa'
That gleamin' licht the wavin' fields, an' owre the
meadows flee,
Syne deck the heather hills wi' hues that maist
enchantit be ;—
E'en Nature's mellowed murmurs seem, in ilka
playfu' breeze,
Like music o' a simmer shower amang the leafy
trees,
Sae saft, sae soul-subduin'—oh ! sae soughin' an'
sae wee,
Like dip o' angels' pinions timed to angel melody.

Noo a' ye gowd-dementit coofs that, ever hoardin'
wealth,
Gloat on your piles wi' ecstasy, an' never heed your
health,

Awa ! an' lea' your fated charm, an' life's true bles-
sin's pree,
Gang, gang whaur Nature revels in her virgin purity.
What says the lav'rock in its lilt ? what breathes
the pale blue bell ?
What say the balmy win's that blaw ? what doth
ilk sunset tell ?
They a' sigh oot in unison this sweet love-burstin'
tale—
That Paradise on earth is found in Moffat's rural
vale.

*WE DAUR A'**

SHALL yon haughty, vauntin' foe
Tear one laurel from our brow?
Shall our pride be humbled low
At their tyrant ca'?
Never, lads, shall it be said
Scots frae foes in terror fled—
Scots, wha are by valour fed,
An' wha aye daur a'.

By our a' immortal sires!
By what Scotland's name requires!
By the love that strength inspires
We will stan' or fa'!

* Colonel Cameron of the 79th or Cameron Highlanders, at the battle of Talavera, thus addressed his men—"Lads, we daur a'."

Hark ! the death-presagin' gun,
'Tis the fight !—the fight begun—
Scots and victory noo are one,
Sae we shall daur a'.

Steady, lads ! they come !—they come !
Hear their fate-defying drum—
Steady ! for we 'll ne'er succumb
To their movin' wa' !
Steady ! pour your streams o' death,
Tempest-rushin' o'er the heath,
On ! shout wi' triumphant breath,
“Tartans aye daur a'.”

See ! in cauld oblivion's night,
Sunk forever in their might ;
Vict'ry, smilin' at the sight,
Sings this glorious blaw :

“ Wha can stan’ ’gainst Scots wha are
Nursed within my sweepin’ car,
Weans in peace, but de’ils in war,
Hoo they aye daur a’.”

Wha e’er saw a Scotsman flee
Frae a foe to liberty ?
Freedom’s sons aye bear the gree,
Ower the taps o’ a’.
Whan creation first began,
Thus our heavenly charter ran,
“ Scotsmen ! be in freedom’s van,
Ever daurin’ a’.”

DINNA GANG TO SEA*

Allegro Moderato.

Ballad.

*Music by
E. BERGER.*

The sheet music consists of two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff follows the same time signature and key signature. The lyrics are written in a Ballad style, with some words underlined and dynamics like 'cres.' and 'dolce' indicated. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.

Gang na to sea the day, my dear, Ye
need - na stag the mast, The waves beat high up -
on the pier, Wait till the gale blaws past, Oh!
let my love for thee pre - vail, An' mind oor bairnies
three, Sae lea' the boat, tak' doon the sail, An'
din - na gang to sea. For loud is blaw - in'
noo the gale, The white - tap't waves I see, Oh!
lea' your boat, tak' doon the sail, An' din - na gang to
sea, An' din - na gang to sea.

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2 Little Argyll Street, Regent Street, London, W.

I dreamt last nicht, when in my sleep,

A boat at sea upset;

I saw a face sink in the deep,

His look I 'll ne'er forget.

Sae gang na on the stormy main,

The feelin' maks me dree

That I will ne'er see you again,

Gin ye should gang to sea.

For lood is blawin' noo the gale,

The white tap't waves I see,

Oh, lea' your boat, tak' doon the sail,

An' dinna gang to sea.

A doom'd ship's drivin' in the bay,

What should the pilots do ?

Launch oot their boat, an' sail away,

An' try to save the crew ;

I couldna live were I to ken

That lives were lost by me :

Think o' the wives o' helpless men,
Sae I will gang to sea.
Tho' lood is blawin' noo the gale,
An' white tap't waves ye see,
We'll launch the boat, an' reef the sail,
For I must gang to sea.

Mind not your idle dream, my Kate,
My bairnies weel I lo'e ;
Your ship drives on to awful fate,
Oh ! think lass, on her crew ;
Sae dry your tears, I must away,
Our boat will ride sae free ;
When duty calls, I must obey,
An' I maun gang to sea.
Tho' lood is blawin' noo the gale,
An' white tap't waves ye see,
We'll launch the boat, an' reef the sail,
For I must gang to sea.

HAE WE NOT?

WHY is Scotia sae renowned ?
Why do bards her praises sound ?
Why do hearts exultin' bound
An' honour aye her name ?
Hae we not a glorious past ?
Hae not oor traditions cast
Halos that will Time outlast
Ere we lose oor fame ?

Hae we not 'neath despots mourned ?
Hae we not oppression spurned ?
Hae we not when valour burned,
Shivered a' wha came ?

THE WE JUDGE

Hae we not i' power now,

Freedom's morning Freedom's boast,

These wae wae breasted nest,

Aye at thee wad come?

Hae we not in victory & health,

Empire for right we fel for faul,

Crown & cross spang health,

Aye well conscience shone?

Ever mind our Scott's shore,

See! the billows ceaseless roar,

Freedom's peers still they pour

In a wild scame.

Hae we not made Art our own?

Hae we not in Science shone?

Hae we not clasped Learnin's zone

Roun' ilk humble hame?

Hae we not sons still renowned,
Sons wi' deathless laurels crowned,
Sons, whase worth shall ever sound
Scotia's peerless name ?

**WEET THE EY EES ITS LAST
HOUR**

WEET THE EY EES ITS last glowin,
As the birds are boun' tere
WEE THE EY EES ITS last glowin,
Then when I gony to meet her;
WEET THE EY EES ITS last glowin,
Lover Bystars hairy wais
Lover Bystars hairy wais;
I then that hour is sweetest.

Birdies w' the wanter flic
Downey st at sing good-night
Womin' at their heart's delight
In mornes I love see chearie:

Flow'rets droopin' close their e'e,
Saft win's croon their lullaby,
Gloamin' shadows gently flee,
Then, then I woo my dearie.

Nature's low, mysterious choir
Chants wi' sweet poetic fire,
Strophes, that my soul inspire
To a' that love can gi'e me ;
Mutual love, ennoblin' man,
Is the great celestial plan.
Come, my lassie ! thou maun fan
The love that ne'er shall lea' me.

Mellow gloamin's, e'enin' charms,
Bind me, like my lassie's arms,
Then my soul exultin' warms,
Wi' love's sweet anguish laden ;

By yon gowd cloods in the west,—
Radiant gates to heav'ly rest,—
By the love that fills my breast,
Thou'rt queen o' a', sweet maiden!

CONVALESCENT

THE days o' your pinin' are gane, love,
An' life's spring again broods anew ;
Awa' are the shadows o' pain, love,
That wrinkled your bonnie bit broo.
The health-gleams are dawnin' aince mair, love,
An dancin' wi' joy in your e'e ;
Their glints pale the darkness o' care, love,
For hope only triumphs in thee.

Wi' gowden hair lowse to the win', love,
Wi' glee-shouts as clear as the dew ;
O, licht owre the fields ye shall rin, love,
An' posies again ye shall pu'.

Or doon by the sands o' the sea, love,
You'll loup like a nymph o' itsel' ;
Your feetie the wee waves shall pree, love,
Syne blushin', the ithers will tell.

Your pale cheeks like roses shall bloom, love,
Your voice like the lintie's shall fa' ;
Your smiles shall the cottage illume, love,
An' pride shall be dwellin' in a'.
I'll gang noo to sea without dread, love,
An' licht owre the waves noo shall ride
The boatie that brings us oor bread, love,
An' something for braws tae beside.

You'll sit on the creepie, I ken, love,
An' watch me afar on the deep ;
The creels an' the nets ye shall men', love,
Whan Minnie an' Grannie's asleep.

O'erjoyed, noo, to see you restored, love,
The tears maistly come to my e'en;
You, only, we fondly adored, love,
Reft o' ye, life sunless had been.

OOR PAST

YE ken o' the deeds o' oor ancestor's glorious,
Ye ken o' the deeds ever present wi' Time,
Whan Liberty rose owre a' foemen victorious,
And Scotland, illumed, stood alane maist sublime.
Oh say, hath that spirit fled frae us for ever ?
Oh say, are her sons only great in their gold ?
There surely maun linger some hearts wha can
never
Dethrone oor loved Past frae their memory's hold.

Oor sires hath for freedom the scaffold aft
mounted,
Their bluid aft has varnished oor Liberty's shrine,

Their hames an' their lives aye fu' lightly they
counted,

'Twas Scotland! and Freedom! their guerdon
divine!

Thus Liberty, wrested frae despots an' tyrants,
Should ever be sacred to those wha can
claim

To stand amang Scotsmen, the high-souled
aspirants,

An' prood, jealous guardians o' Scotland's loved
name.

But noo we are a' in a gowd-sodden slumber,
Few see noo the shadow o' Liberty's hand,
Inscribin' that—guid to mankind's greatest num-
ber,

Maun yet be the beacons engirdin' oor land.

The spirits o' heroes majestic, careerin',

Behold wi' deep sorrow their prestige decay,

They start as they see Freedom's foemen appearin',
An' weep whan their sons the loved trust wad betray.

Hae nae Scottish bosoms the auld fire still blazin'?
Will nane raise their voice, or the thunder-tongued pen,
To smite wi' Truth's torrents, the barriers debasin',
That elevate not a' the humblest o' men?
Say, is he a Scot, wha wad shame Freedom's charter?
Say, is he a Scot, wha her laurels wad stain?
Na, na, gin there's ane wha his conscience wad barter,
There's thoosans wad fecht for their birthright again.

I LEA' THEE, AULD SCOTLAND

I LEA' thee, Auld Scotland, in sorrow o' heart,
I lea' a' the freens that are true,
Fell grief-cloods are shadin' my undeein' pairt,
As fast fade thy mountains frae view.
Wild, wild in their snawy-clad grandeur they loom,
Far-dartin their gowd-glintin' gleams,
They mock wi' their beauty my fate-stricken
gloom,
To live, O hoo sair, in my dreams.
Auld Scotland! I canna say Fareweel to
thee,
Hope whispers that I maunna mourn,

*AULD EFFIE ; OR, OOR SCHULE-
MISTRESS*

AN auld-farrant bodie was Effie, wha keepit
The schule for the weans, in the ben o' her ha' ;
We thocht her twascore, but her years lightly
sleepit,
Sae gossipin' tongues couldna age her ava.
She cam' to the toon whan they a' thocht her
twenty,
A douce-lookin' kimmer, wi' feent ony braws,
For years passin' therty, perjinkit and tenty,
She gae the weans schulin' weel mixed wi' the
tawse.

They lang had thocht Effie a puir wafflin' cratur',
Wha on a bit man never cuist a heart e'e,

A fusionless carlin, withoutt human natur',
An' ane wha the reals o' life daurna pree.
A cankered auld maid noo they said she was turnin',
For noo the schule weans werna learnin' sae fast;
What ance was her hobby, a' thocht she was
spurnin',
As she the meridian o' womandom passed.

But won'rin' an' dootin' ne'er fand a fact's centre,
An' sae wi' their reas'nin's they were far a-gley,
Until Kirsty Tamson's wee Meg at a ventur',
Lat oot tae her mither the cat o' the ploy.
Oor minister, grey-haired, an' sauntly, an' single,
An' free frae the vices o' Christian cant,
Had lang for the warder o's sel' an' his ingle,
The foosty ootline o' an' auld maiden aunt.

Sae she, sour an' granein', thocht shame to live
langer,
An' took hersel' aff frae this hoosekeepin' place

The neebors syne mootit, that Satan in anger,
Wad rin frae his yett whan he saw her thrawn face.
Be-craped, an' lamentin', an' owrecome wi' sorrow,
Oor minister dannert like some dizzy goose ;
Until frae oor schule some joy-glints he wad
borrow,—

For Effie sune tied up the strings that were loose.

He cam unco afthen to hear us oor lesson,
While Effie wad bustle an' blush as he spak ;
An' segs he wad say aft the skailin'-time blessin',
Syne gang but wi' Effie to hae a bit crack.
Ae nicht Meggie Tamson saw queer-like caressin'
As thro' the sma' winnock she peered unco slee,
The minister, Effie's thin lips was aye kissin',
While she, an' auld maid, Feigh ! sat crouse on his
knee.

Sic news, 'mang the mithers, was unco sune carried,
An' nae ways decreased wi' their gossipin' yeast,

A fortnicht o' wonder, syne Effie gat married,
An' a' the schule weans gat a cookie tea feast.
A' thocht Effie auld, an' a fusionless woman,
But fegs they were cheated as time gaed alang ;
Queer words an' strange looks were exchanged at
the comin'
O' ae pledge that proved the toon gossips were
wrang.

Wheesht ! Wheesht ! I hear him comin' noo,
His stap o' joy is shorn ;
Ah me ! my wean ! your daddie 's fu',
An' I maun thole his scorn.
Bairnie, sleep on ! in dreams rejoice,
O, could I feel as thee,
Oblivious to a drunkard's voice,
Whaur love is dead for me !

Sleep on ! Sleep on ! my bonnie lam', &c.

JEANIE ! DINNA FASH ME

JEANIE ! Jeanie ! dinna fash me,
Spare me noo your witchin' smiles,
O, your joys divine will crush me,
Saints could ne'er resist your wiles.
Liberty is dear unto me,
O'er me may its banner wave,
Strange, your charms can aye o'erthrow me,
Then I stan' your fettered slave.

Jeanie ! Jeanie ! dinna fash me,
Ye've a soul in ilka e'e,
Dartin' flames o' love that crush me
Wi' their scorchin' purity.

Love celestial ever bloometh,
Spreadin' wi' its virgin breath
Incense that the soul consumeth,
Wi' the bliss that sweetens death.

Jeanie ! Jeanie ! dinna love me,
Speak nae mair those words sae sweet
Seraph-whisp'rin's couldna move me,
Like your ain, love-dewy weet.
Gin in heav'n they speak sae couthie,
O, 'twill be a feastin' rare,
An' gin whaur they a' are drouthie,
Wretches then will thirst nae mair.

TEENIE—A FIRESIDE SKETCH

A wee head decked wi' flossy hair,
A wee bit archin' broo,
A nose that little cherubs bear,
An' twa big e'en deep blue.
A dimple on ilk rosy cheek,
Twa lips like Cupid's bow,
That lauch an' goo, but canna speak,
An' yet affection show.
For she is Teenie, oor lammie pet,
A gem, a jewel, in twa hearts set.

Twa chubby hands wi' fingers prone
To pu' her mammy's curls,

Wee scratin' nails ilk ane upon,
To gie her bosie tirls ;
Twa leggies an' twa feetie wee
That kick wi' joy always,
First plaything o' the han's they be,
An' canna bide their claes.
For she is Teenie, oor wee bit pet,
A sma gem-lassie in twa hearts set.

She's just a cuddlin' lump o' love,
She is an angel pet,
A pledge o' kindness frae above
Domestic bliss to whet.
Her smile sae sweet gangs to the heart,
We canna thole her e'en,
Their gaze, devoid o' human art,
Keeps oor affection green.
Noo she is Teenie, oor bonnie Teenie,
'Mang bairnies a', she 'll stan' a queenie.



